

ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

DECEMBER, 1949 • 30c per copy



Mysticism • Art • Science



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ANCIENT ARCHIVES

Within the sacred archives of a lamasery on the old Tibetan frontier, this abbot or chief lama reveals a centuries-old scroll. The dharma or archaic laws are written in Sanskrit on parchment and then wrapped in a cloth sack and protected by wooden covers. To this is attached a label identifying the contents. It was an exceptional privilege accorded Russian officers to be permitted to photograph the abbot and lamasery archives. (Photo by AMORC Camera Expedition)



From a painting, *Ecce Homo*, in the Gallery of Modern Art, Florence, Italy.

Truth On Trial

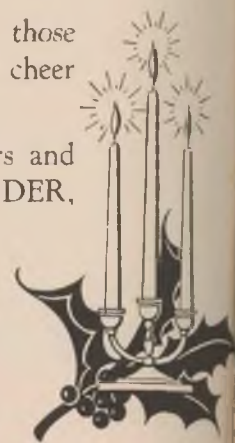
CHRIST on trial personified the ordeals through which truth has always passed. When reason fails to see the light, the eyes of the soul must often be opened by great emotional agitation—as grief and suffering.

Must the social consciousness—the family of humanity—experience further tribulations, as major wars, before it will realize its weaknesses against which the spiritually enlightened have long inveighed?

At this season of the year, let each be reminded of those eternal truths upon which lasting happiness and good cheer depend.

Highly appreciative of your good will, we, the officers and the members of the staff of the ROSICRUCIAN ORDER, A.M.O.R.C., extend

To All Our Friends
A Merry Christmas



ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL INTERNATIONAL ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

Vol. XXVII

DECEMBER, 1949

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THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

TIBETAN TRAILS

By THE EMPEROR

This is the ninth of a series of articles by the Emperor about his observations on a journey which took him and his party around the world and into remote mystical lands.—EDITOR.



WE PAUSED a moment. Each stood silent, immured within his own thoughts. Like craftsmen, who stop to view with pride their handicraft, we drank in the beauty and import of the locale we had finally attained. We stood as though in the center of a sphere. Sloping upward from us were green pastures patched with wild flowers of brilliant hues. The rims of the pastures were joined, at a distance, by the Himalayan Range which surrounded us.

Across the seemingly sheer sides of these mountains, slowly and majestically moved great panels of purple and blue shadows, caused by clouds passing before the sun. It was like a great kaleidoscope, whose patterns were being continuously changed by some invisible being. How conducive, I thought, to imagining these mountains as actually alive, as if animated by some supernatural entity. After all, the religious belief of animism, so prevalent among primitive peoples, must seem plausible to them in the absence of any other explanations. In fact, one finds himself continuously obliged to call upon his reason to reject the idea of animism which such a visual and emotional experience as this one suggests. Strange as it may seem, the superstitions which our emotions at times are wont to conjure have a

stronger appeal for us than the rectitude of our reasoning.

In a matter of minutes, we were entering Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim, which is one of the extreme northern states of the Federation of India. The designation of *capital* perhaps engenders the idea of a metropolis. Actually, however, Gangtok has but one street. It is, in fact, a continuation of the roadway which leads to the various *las* or mountain passes by which one reaches the very heart of Tibet. The little primitive town reminds one of the gold-rush towns of early California. The houses are of one or two stories, constructed mostly of weather-beaten clapboards. The second stories have superimposed balconies which sag precariously in the middle. The entrances to these balconies are through a very small door or more often through a window. The majority of the structures are actually small shops or bazaars, the proprietors living upstairs. Like the early markets of America's old West, the merchandise was suspended from every available display position. Hanging from the posts which support the balconies and from underneath the ceiling of the latter, were Tibetan wool boots, saddles, harnesses, and a mixture of metal cooking utensils imported from England.

Apparently, if business was not progressive enough, vicarious methods of appealing to prospective customers were

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adopted. One of these was to set up shop in the mud roadway that constituted the "street" of Gangtok. Blankets were thrown down upon the road and on top of them were placed little piles of such wares as sweetmeats, spices, handmade jewelry, and native shoes.

Since Gangtok is a trading center for products from Tibet, caravans of burros move along the roadway hourly. The lead-burro is decorated with bells and tassels commensurate with his prominent position. With care these animals having the lead position guide their laden mates around the displays of merchandise in the roadway. Such "advertising" methods would seem to be effective, for the Tibetans accompanying the caravan often cannot resist stopping, as they pass these piles of merchandise in their way, and making a purchase.

There are no hotels or rooming houses in Gangtok. Its visitors are principally nomadic traders and lamas on a pilgrimage from one lamasery to another. Such persons pitch their skin tents along some hill in the shade of a great tree. Our sirdar managed to negotiate accommodations for us in the home of one of Gangtok's merchants. He and his family were Mohammedans. Through our sirdar, who served as interpreter, the old merchant constantly reminded us that he was the only Mohammedan in Gangtok which is principally Lamaistic. He thought that such gave him a transcendental social status. Obviously, however, it appeared to have no effect upon his relations with his neighbors.

Our quarters were on the second floor of this merchant's ramshackled but quaint home. In occupying his entire upper floor, consisting of two small rooms, we wondered where he and his family dwelt during our sojourn. Though the fees we paid for our lodgings were exceedingly small, we were impressed by the fact that our host considered himself a most fortunate man to have made such a deal with us.

The floors of the small but clean rooms were teakwood planks. The beds were actually low couches, similar to Arabian ones and covered with garish tapestrylike blankets. The larger of the two rooms, into which we crowded to

dine, had a low table quite customary in the Orient. We sat at the table cross-legged on the floor, a rather difficult feat for the Westerner. If fortunate, at some meals one or two of us would be seated on small hassocks upon which we could elevate our legs a little more comfortably and be seated a little closer to the table.

The oldest of our host's children, a little girl of eight, was remarkably intelligent. She possessed all the native curiosity of a child of her age and was without the slightest inhibition. There are no schools in Gangtok, as we know them; there are tutors who teach those who can afford their services. The little girl, whose radiant personality shone through an obscurity of an almost always dirty face and dress, had learned some English. She had acquired a child's primer printed in English and delighted in reading to us from it by the flickering oil lamp. When encouraged, her little eyes shone with intense pride. Her father and his woman servant avoided us. This was partly due to their inability to speak our language and to their obvious awe of strangers from a land which, so far as their contact with it was concerned, might as well have been situated on Mars. The father was pleased that his young daughter could so freely meet us and that she in turn was so readily accepted.

Coal is crudely mined in the Himalayas in the vicinity of Gangtok. The means of transporting it from the mines high on the mountain slopes to Gangtok is very primitive. It is brought in baskets on the backs of women coolies or bearers. The Tibetan woman is small but chunkily built. Since childhood she has become accustomed to carrying heavy loads. It is pathetic to come across even small girls, perhaps not over eleven or twelve years of age, walking down the steep mountain trails along the rim of a heavily wooded sector with head bowed and a large basket upon the back heaped high with coal. They partly support the weight, which must be sixty or seventy pounds, with a woven belt looped about their foreheads, the ends of which are fastened to the basket. On treks up into the mountains with our own bearers, the sirdar was inclined to engage some



of these women to carry the heavy pieces of camera equipment. We objected and he remonstrated with us, stating that they needed the *annas*, that is, the small coins which they would be paid. We compromised by giving these women a gift of part of the fee they would have earned and insisted on male bearers or coolies.

The Maharajah of Sikkim has his palace but a short distance from Gangtok. It is on an eminence overlooking a beautiful valley with terraced farms and their cluster of thatch-roofed buildings. As a customary gesture to his subjects and to his traditional religion of Lamaism, he has built a pretentious lamasery but a few hundred feet from his palace. There are approximately one hundred lamas who are, by religious obligation, bound to this lamasery and pledged to a monastic life. The Maharajah has erected, almost directly across from the lamasery, the customary school for the lamas. Here they spend the greater portion of the day, studying and reciting age-old liturgies from Sanskrit writings.

Origin of Lamaism

This seems an appropriate place to briefly explain the relation of Lamaism to Buddhism. Prior to the 7th century, A. D., Tibet used to follow the Bön religion. Bön is somewhat similar to Taoism of China. According to Buddhist accounts, in the 7th century, A. D., there appeared a powerful chieftain, named Namri Srong-Tsan, who gained some authority over the wild tribes. His son and successor desired to enlarge the empire for his dynasty. He eventually conquered all of Tibet and the two neighboring kings, one of Nepal and the other of China. This son, generally known as Srong, married the daughters of the conquered kings who were Buddhists. Subsequently, Srong was converted to Buddhism. Influenced by the culture of Buddhism, he desired to introduce it into Tibet and sent emissaries to India to contact influential Buddhists.

About the 8th century, Khri-Srong, a descendant, ascended to the throne. Born of a Chinese Buddhist mother, he was converted to the faith by a visiting monk, Santarakshita. As yet there were no monasteries or lamas in Tibet. Khri-

Srong sent invitations to India for Buddhists to visit his land. One Padmasambhava responded in A. D. 747. "Padmasambhava was familiar with exorcisms and magical spells..." These magical practices appealed to the superstitious minds of the native Mongol peoples of Tibet. Padmasambhava established the first lamasery in Tibet. One by the name of San-Yas became the first lama. The word *lama* is the Tibetan name for a Buddhist monk.

The Buddhist scholars adapted Buddhism to the indigenous customs and beliefs of the Tibetan. This resulted in a form of corrupt Buddhism known as Lamaism. In fact, Lamaism has been defined as "a priestly mixture of Sivaite mysticism (Siva is one of the Hindu trinity), magic and Indo-Tibetan demonology, overlaid with a thin varnish of Mahayana Buddhism."

Subsequently, Lamaism flourished with varying degrees of success. During the beginning of the 11th century, hundreds of monks from all over Asia were pouring into Tibet. One of these was the Bengalese monk, Atisa. With him began "the second period of Tibetan Buddhism." This period might be called the *reformation*. Each of the numerous Lamaistic sects sought the reformation of all others by insisting upon the domination of their particular doctrines and traditions. It is said that Atisa was outstanding among these because of his "coherence of doctrines." He brought about a transformation and a consolidation of political and religious factions.

About the 15th century, the doctrine of *successive reincarnation* was introduced. This doctrine, still in effect, proclaims that a great teacher is *reborn* into each person who successively occupies the position of Grand Lama. This doctrine was a masterful diplomatic stroke. It conferred indubitable supremacy upon the Grand Lama—the addition, in other words, of a spiritual gnosis as well as temporal power.

By 1640, A. D., the Ge-Lug-Pa sect had swept into power over all its rivals. Tibet at the time was divided into three provinces, the Eastern, the Western, and the Central. In Central Tibet, the Ge-Lug-Pa was the recognized representative of Lamaism. Envy of its power resulted in warfare by sects from the

other provinces. The Grand Lama or Abbot appealed for help to the Mogul prince, Gushi Khan, who was a follower of the Ge-Lug-Pa. Gushi Khan promptly responded by invading and finally conquering the whole of Tibet. Khan then granted full authority to the Grand Lama, Nog-Wan of the Ge-Lug-Pa sect.

The Grand Lama after this period was not only the supreme ecclesiastical head of Lamaism in Tibet but temporal ruler of the country as well. The followers of Lamaism recognize him as their *pope*. Gushi Khan further honored the Grand Lama by conferring the noble title of *Dalai* upon him. This means *vast as*. The Western world refers to him as the *Dalai Lama*. Tibetans, however, know him as Gyalwa Rin-Po-Che, meaning the Great Gem of Majesty.

Nog-Wan increased the power of his sect and built for himself the great palace-temple of Potala near Lhasa, which to many Westerners is the symbol of Tibetan mystery and secrecy. The Ge-Lug-Pa sect, in modern times, is said to continue its strict observance of celibacy and abstinence, as well as to preside as the ruler of Tibet. It is also regarded to have somewhat retrogressed from its high plane of doctrinal exactitude.

School of the Lamas

The occasion was an unforgettable one. We were to film rites and ceremonies rarely witnessed by one from the Western world. It was with great difficulty that we kept our minds on the details of our work. The rhythmic cadence of the lamas' reciting their age-old lessons had a peculiar effect on our emotions. It was more like the chanting of a liturgy. We strolled over to the lama school to observe them. The structure itself was situated, as was the lamasery and the Maharajah's palace, on the same high plateau. All about us at a distance were the snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas reaching up into the azure sky.

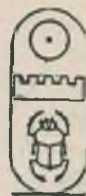
On either end of the school, which was one story in height and open on the side facing us, were two slender poles. To the tops of these were attached what appeared as narrow white cloths flapping in the strong breeze.

They were prayer flags! They designated this place as holy ground, as a sanctuary. Upon these flags there originally were printed, from hand-carved wooden blocks, inscriptions in the ancient Sanskrit language which constituted prayers. The wind and rain had long since faded out these inscriptions. As we looked about at the mountain slopes, we could see here and there, rising above the varicolored foliage, other such flags, all designating some shrine.

As we approached the open side of the school, the lamas stopped chanting for a moment and curiously observed us. They wore red caps and cloaks and were seated in rows on benches facing us. Before some on low benches, which served as desks, were parchment scrolls. In front of this class and with his back to us, was the preceptor. Though some of the lamas appeared shy in our presence, the preceptor retained his dignity. He rapped loudly for attention and then he began, with the same cadence as before, the recitation of archaic affirmations from sacred scriptures. They were esoteric truths which had to be learned by rote. The lamas repeated aloud after him much in the manner of the responsory of Christian churches.

Two lamas quietly left their benches and walked abreast across the grounds separating the lamasery and the school. At the far side of this plateau—in fact, on the very edge overlooking a gully—two drums were fastened to stakes in the ground. Slowly and rhythmically, the lamas began to beat them. The deep tones resounded throughout the area, causing a corresponding pulsation within our solar plexus. These were the *signal drums*. The lamas were being called from their recitations to prayer. The prayers were always held in the lamasery or temple proper. Unceremoniously, the lamas came from the school, talking and laughing as would children during a recess. The drums had now ceased and the lamas crowded around our photographic equipment curious as to its function. In their Tibetan dialect they joked with the drummers who obliged us by being photographed.

The abbot or chief lama, having been authorized by the Maharajah to
(Continued on Page 418)



Dwarfs in those Days

By HAROLD PREECE

AMERICA has been called a temple of lost races and an altar of living ones. The cosmic destiny of this continent has reached its stages of fulfillment through successive migrations of peoples, from the original survivors of Lemuria down to the last band of persecuted immigrants stepping off a boat at Ellis Island. Among the lost races may have been the pygmies whose skeletal remains have been uncovered in every other part of the world, whose living representatives are to be found not only in Africa and the Philippines, but also in Brazil of our own hemisphere.

I realize that I may be affronting shallow pseudo science when I affirm the existence of the Little People on this area of our planet. Materialistic science, conditioned by our soulless mechanism, breeds a shallow pragmatism in its devotees. Nothing is to be believed that cannot be immediately seen, whether it be an ancient artifact or a bag of popcorn. But the occult science of the Rosicrucians affords us a method for uncovering the ancient hidden truths of the past and collating them with the ever-unfolding truths of the present to form the synthesis of man's developing consciousness.

The narrowness of the materialistic approach is shown very clearly by the failure to interpret correctly the widespread "dwarf legends" of the American Indian. Three generations of anthropologists have noted these legends among tribes of sharply-contrasting



stocks from Maine to California. By and large, the traditions of the Little People have been written off as "savage superstition." No attempt has been made to penetrate through the layers of fable and reach the solid background of fact which underlies virtually all folklore.

I may be the first writer to assert that the dwarf legends are folk memories of a low-statured people who probably retreated, as did the diminutive Picts of Britain and Ireland, before the invading taller

tribes. Actually, the Indian folklore is so explicit that it describes in considerable detail the scope of relations between the Tall Ones and the scattered smaller peoples.

More than twenty years ago, Charles Fort mentioned the tradition of a dwarf race that had once lived in the Southern mountains. It left as mementos, thousands of tiny stone crosses. Fort was forever outside the pale of what is rather dubiously called *respectable science*, and his pronouncement received little credence outside that esoteric circle of his followers.

Yet in 1895, the Nez Percé Indians of Idaho found a little red-haired dwarf, dressed in odd clothing, lying dead in the mountains. The Nez Percés told an anthropologist, connected with the Bureau of American Ethnology, that the corpse could be the last member of a pygmy race once inhabiting the hills. The Indians buried the little man, but said or pretended to the whites that they had forgotten the grave site.

Two modern anthropologists, John Witthoft and Wendell S. Hadlock, have in their possession a Cayuga medicine bundle which contains hunting paraphernalia of the Little People. A diminutive sling and some minute sling stones are concrete evidence of the hunting habits of some ancient dwarfish people who subsisted by slaying small birds and animals with their curious, toylike weapons.

Legendary and Otherwise

The Cayugas believe that the Little People travel in pairs and that they can inflict certain illnesses on those who offend them. The annual Dark Dance of this once-powerful tribe is partly a ceremony of propitiation to the dwarf folk. In much the same spirit, the peasants of ancient Europe put out offerings of food and drink for the so-called elves, gnomes, and kobolds. Convincing evidence has been offered by Arthur Machen and others that these odd beings actually existed but that they were, in reality, nothing but surviving remnants of the ancient pygmies, denning up unseen by dense caves at day, venturing out only at night to scour the countryside for food. For perfectly legitimate reasons of safety, the dwarf tribes kept out of the way of their taller neighbors, who developed a whole body of fearful superstitions about them. In fact, the fear they caused among those who had dispossessed them was their main protection.

The pygmy lore among the Cayugas seems to have followed a similar course of development. It was taboo to molest the Little People or to seek out their hiding places. Native craftsmen flattered them by carving their figures out of fruit pits and scattering them around in the woods where the dwarfs would find them. For the pygmies were supposed to be vain little folk who spent hours admiring their reflections in secluded creeks.

The Cayugas called them the Stone Rollers, probably because the Indians were constantly finding queer circles of transported rocks. The circles were believed to be the council places of the Little Folk. At the Cayuga dream-guessing feast, the tribesmen invoked the pygmies to help them interpret dreams—this, of course, being simply primitive folk magic.

Much research still needs to be done into the barely-scratched dwarf-lore of the Cayugas and other tribes of the Six Nations in Canada and upstate New York. Occult science could extract the dross and integrate that which remained with anthropological findings on pygmies of other continents. For

there are yet living many Six Nations Indians who claim to have viewed the Little People in the flesh. And occult science at least respects the testimony of these people.

Cornelius Owens, a Tuscarora, tells of seeing two pygmies more than half a century ago. He relates that he passed them while he was driving a wagon—that they were about two feet in height, and were

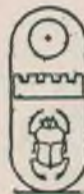
dressed in fine raiment. He says they ignored him.

Levi Batiste, an Onondaga, tells another legend that is reminiscent of the German Tannhauser or the Irish folk hero, Ossian. He relates that a party of Indians once discovered a group of the Little People hidden in a hole in a wall. The Indians persuaded a strong youth of eighteen to carry a huge stone to the wall and place it in the hole, thus sealing up the pygmies. But the dwarf folk squeezed through a niche and escaped.

Shortly afterward, the youth disappeared. He did not return until seventy-eight years later, after having spent three generations in closely guarded captivity of the pygmies. He was finally readmitted to the tribe when his aged sister recognized the feeble old man of ninety-six as her long-lost brother.

Our readers will recognize the author of "World Underground" (November, 1948 issue), which so intrigued many of our readers. This time he has concentrated on the Little People. Where did legends and folklore find the source for pygmies and various other small-statured beings? What has sustained this interest for centuries? Some of the author's presentations are supported by archaeology, some are traditional, but there is always that live undercurrent of personal speculation of "Why could not much of this be true?"

—EDITOR



Another legend tells of a hunter who actually captured a dwarf woman. According to the story, he saw a strange-looking foot with its toes grown together, like those of a duck, protruding from the branches of a tree. When he investigated further, he saw a tiny woman, not more than three feet in height, hiding in the branches. On her back, she carried a baby in the typical Indian cradleboards.

The infant was the approximate size of the Christmas dolls that church organizations still send to the Indian children. The cradleboards were covered with ornate wrappings sewed together with the hair of various animals.

According to the story, the hunter pulled the dwarf woman out of the tree and then seized her baby, threatening to keep it. As he laughed at her frantic shouts, he noticed that her arms lacked elbow joints. Finally, so the Indians tell the story, the woman gave the hunter her hunting charms as a ransom, grabbed her child, and hurried away.

Any folklorist, using the occult as the basic approach to native legends, can easily sift the element of truth from the palpable inventions in this tale. The hunter very possibly saw the woman and the child. But they probably left hurriedly when the mother saw him. The rest is the braggadocio of folklore, common to the "tall tales" of all peoples, "civilized" or "uncivilized." The hunter hoped to shine in the eyes of his fellows by concocting a story of having actually captured one of the dread Little People and bringing her to terms.

To this day, the Indians of the Six Nations—serious and highly intelligent people—believe that the Little Folk dwell among them. Dwarfs reputedly keep sharp eyes on the movements of Indian hunters and scare away the game if any Indian has mistreated them. Their sole occupation is hunting, according to tribal lore.

The Six Nations Indians are of the ancient Iroquois who were developing a peaceful, enlightened civilization—based on a federation of the cooperating Indian tribes stretching across the continent—when Columbus reached America. "Iroquois Little People have become religious concepts, some of which

appear to be of considerable antiquity," Witthoft and Hadlock point out. This would seem to indicate that the Dwarf People were indigenous to America in what is rather inaptly called *prehistoric times*. They were very probably pre-Indian and certainly pre-Columbian.

Some authorities have attempted to prove that the Six Nations dwarf lore represents cultural borrowings from early white settlers bringing with them the venerable folklore of Europe. It is true that certain Indian tribes like the Louisiana Choctaws have borrowed the Christian cosmogony and recast the Biblical accounts of Creation and the Deluge in their own tradition. But no substantial evidence has been brought to prove that the Iroquois dwarf legends are derived from any outside source.

Witthoft and Hadlock emphasize that "European motifs seem to be largely absent" in the mythology of the Iroquoian tribes. Moreover, the prevalence of dwarf legends among Indians of all stocks, in every part of America, would seem to indicate that our native pygmies were numerous and widespread.

Strange little people were reported as having been seen by many Indians on the Allegany Reservation in New York. A hunter glimpsed a pair of them on Cattaraugus Creek. According to tribal chronology, these mysterious pygmies known in the native tongue as *djagaëo* once encountered a group of children wandering near the creek. They took the youngsters to their underground dwelling, gave them food, and bedded them for the night.

Superstition, a Barrier

Would excavations in the vicinity of Cattaraugus Creek yield pygmy skeletal remains and possibly tiny weapons and implements? Similar pygmy traces have been unearthed by explorers in the wilds of Peru, a region that is still virtually an untouched field for archaeologists. To this day, tiny furniture of the Picts, who led a subterranean existence for centuries after their defeat by the Gaels, is uncovered in Scotland and Ireland. Unfortunately, the tendency to regard the dwarf legends as "superstition" has thus far been a barrier to needed archaeological investigations on our continent.

The legendry of the Algonquin tribes is further confirmation of the theory that a pygmy race once inhabited America. A noted anthropologist, Frank G. Speck, has observed that "it seems characteristic of the Algonquin tribes in particular to believe in numerous forest elves and river elves of all kinds."

Speck made an impressive collection of the dwarf tales of two remnant Algonquin tribes: the Mohegans and the Niantics of Connecticut. Mrs. Fidelia Fielding, the last Mohegan able to speak her native tongue, told him that the dwarfs "were the ones who made the pictures and scratchings on the rocks at Fort Hill."

Tribal tradition also has it that Martha Uncas saw a company of Little People while crossing the Yantic River shortly before 1800. The woman, probably a descendant of the celebrated New England Indian statesman, Chief Uncas, declared that the dwarfs were running along the river shore.

In a carefully-kept diary, the only extant document written in Mohegan, Mrs. Fielding records what she believed to be the machinations of the dwarfs against the Christian religion now accepted by her people. This folk belief has its parallel among many other peoples who discarded their pre-Christian cults for the dominant faith of the West. The ancient, dwarfish races—touchy, unpredictable neighbors at best—became not only the trolls and pixies who had to be placated; in the folk mind, they were also the imps and demons of anti-Christ, malicious little beings who had to be fought with fetishes and exorcisms.

The Hurons of the Midwest show to inquisitive visitors tiny footprints embedded in stone. They declare that the prints were left by an old race of dwarfs who talked in the Huron tongue. A Huron fisherman told of having once met three gray-bearded dwarfs in a stone canoe. They told him in the tribal language that they had left the Indian colony of Lorette, approximately an hour before meeting him.

"The prominence of dwarfs in Cherokee mythology" gave Witthoft and Hadlock the incentive for their notable study undertaken in 1945 on a grant from the field research fund of the University of Pennsylvania. "Such

Little People are so widespread in America—and often so isolated from a suitable European tradition that a foreign origin seems improbable as a general explanation for their existence," the collaborators point out in the introduction to their report, which sheds brilliant new light on the whole problem of American origins.

For months, these two young scientists lived among the Cherokees on the Qualla reservation of North Carolina. They collected a vast body of dwarf tales that are unquestionably Indian in their genesis. "Cherokee tradition is rather conservative," the two relate, "and has borrowed little of White Folk belief . . . The Cherokee Little People give one the impression that they are an integral part of a highly elaborated tradition in which European motifs are rare, although it may well be that many important modifications of this tradition have taken place."

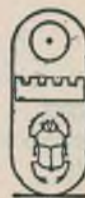
Some of the Cherokees believe that the pygmy folk are divided into seven different clans, corresponding to the seven gens of this Indian tribe. But this may be a "projection" of the tribal political structure on the Little People. Generally, the Cherokees believe that the dwarfs have customs very much like their own, and that, except for size, they resemble Indians. The pygmies are supposed to hold councils and dances, to celebrate festivals and totemic rites after the fashion of their normal-sized neighbors.

Many Qualla Cherokees, who claim to have seen the dwarfs, declare that they are about two feet in height and quick to take revenge on tall folk when insulted. Molly Sequoyah, of Big Cove on the reservation, said the *Yunuvi*, or Little People, dress in white and have long hair. Legends of long-haired dwarfs were previously recorded among these Cherokees by that greatest of all authorities on the American Indian, James Mooney.

Tribal Habits Differ

Cherokee mythology generally divides the Little People into four main groups who vary in their temper and their dwelling places. Some of them live in steep, rocky recesses of the hills, build "floors" on the "rock slides," and

(Continued on Page 428)





Unity of Thought

By DR. H. SPENCER LEWIS, F. R. C.

(From *Rosicrucian Digest*, December 1938)

Since thousands of readers of the *Rosicrucian Digest* have not read many of the earlier articles of our late Emperor, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, we adopted the editorial policy of publishing each month one of his outstanding articles, so that his thoughts would continue to reside within the pages of this publication.



AT THIS TIME of the year there is a very general agreement among the peoples of the Western world in regard to one timely thought. It is this unity of thought which makes this holiday season significant and important. Regardless of whether we are Jews or Gentiles, Roman Catholics or Protestants, Mohammedans, Buddhists or what, we view the holidays at the close of the year with one idea, and that is the picture and thought of peace and friendliness.

Although the Christmas holidays are purely Christian holidays in a religious or ecclesiastical sense, they are universal holidays in the minds of mankind, and Jews and Gentiles alike can agree upon the one idea that the Christmas period represents expression of love and good fellowship, and that it is symbolical of "peace."

By the time that most of you will read these words, you will have participated in the so-called "Thanksgiving" festivities in accordance with a very old custom of the United States. But this custom came to be established as a national event solely because it was already written in the hearts of men and is expressed in the hearts and

minds of people in many countries in the fall of the year, regardless of national proclamations or official holidays. In many parts of the world the fall of the year is the season for harvesting and for taking account of the abundant blessings of nature and it is naturally, and has always been so, a time for man to give thanks and to express his appreciation to God and the Cosmic for all the abundant blessings he has received.

And the Christmas period, too, was really a sacred or symbolical holiday in the minds of many millions of human beings long before December twenty-fifth was established and proclaimed to be the birth date of Jesus the Christ. In antiquity we find that on this day it was customary to free prisoners, to give gifts freely to friends and acquaintances, to make merry, and to rejoice and express in every possible way the idea of good will and peace.

And this year we can all be thankful that the spirit of peace has again manifested itself, even though we may feel that it is of short duration and is only a temporary condition. Nevertheless, in those parts of the world where a few months ago turmoil and war were anticipated, there will be considerable peace, harmony, and quiet throughout this symbolic holiday period. And it

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Digest
December
1949*

will afford many thousands of individuals an opportunity to express the period of peace, to give gifts and to be friendly, and to make the world a little happier for a few days.

It is more than passing strange that mankind, from the dawn of civilization, has liked to focus his spiritual and human expressions into certain concentrated periods of time, and to establish certain holidays for the expression of those human emotions which are universal and humanitarian. This is more than likely the reason for the creation of holidays and the intense expression of the ideals of those holidays within a limited number of hours.

Certainly mankind has always loved peace and friendliness and has preferred it to turmoil, war and unhappiness; and yet, instead of man attempting to express this love for peace, and this spirit of friendliness and kindness, every day and in every possible way, he has permitted himself to enter into war and strife on the majority of the days of each year and then suddenly has become quiet, passive and friendly for twenty-four hours, more or less, while he has celebrated or participated in the celebration of some definite day devoted exclusively to the expression of that which should have expressed itself throughout the year.

Therefore, while men should feel—and the majority of men do feel—a thankfulness to God and the Cosmic for their abundant blessings throughout the year, by mutual agreement they focus most of that expression upon one day and await a national or official proclamation as to just what day in the year such expression should be given more intensified manifestation. In the Western world that one particular day is called "Thanksgiving Day." In many other countries there are similar days with different names, and the same is true in regard to the expression of peace and kindness. In the Christian world, Christmas Day is a day of celebrating the birth of the greatest advocate of peace and brotherly love that ever lived.

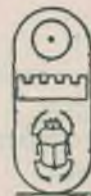
Peace in Each One

A large portion of mankind has come to believe that the whole spirit of peace and brotherly love was symbolized and

expressed to the greatest degree in the consciousness of one great divine leader who lived at a certain period of the past. But man seems to forget that in the consciousness of every human being, both Gentile and Jew, Protestant and Roman Catholic, and in the hearts, minds, and consciousness of others, there is resident throughout the year, as a permanent part of their natures, that same spirit of the Christ that makes for the ever-increasing desire for peace and brotherly friendliness and love.

The spirit of peace was not born *only* in the consciousness of one great man at one time but has been born in the consciousness of every human being since God created the first man and woman, and it is daily and hourly re-born in the consciousness of every newly-born child. Each one of us is, therefore, a potential peacemaker. And each one should preach and talk, think and advocate, peace and brotherly love throughout every day of the year. If this were actually a fact in its practical application, there would be no such period of anticipated horror, suffering, and torture as was in the minds of millions of human beings but a few months ago.

But since, by agreement, man has concentrated the spiritual and humanitarian thoughts and activities into certain days or weeks, let us make the most of those periods and try to compensate for our lack or laxity of expression throughout the rest of the year. Let each one of us try to do something of a very practical and definite nature during this coming holiday season not only to assist in making more permanent the establishment of universal peace between nations, but to promote universal peace between the peoples of each country and each community and each neighborhood. Let us try to do for the unfortunates what they hope and pray will come to them at the hands of man. Let us not forget those who are shut in or confined or unfortunate or underprivileged. Let us not be abundant and free solely in our gifts to those who are relatives and friends, and where we feel that our friendly actions and kindly gifts are an obligation or a duty, but let us think of those who may be only dreaming of the



possibility of such humanly brotherly expression and surprise them and encourage them in their dreams, their hopes, and their aspirations.

The Underprivileged

Millions of unfortunate, underprivileged children still look upon the spirit of Christmas as an ethereal, theoretical idea that has never yet made its full expression in their lives, and yet they are hopeful that some day the miracle of miracles will happen and that the things they have dreamed about may be made manifest.

To step suddenly and unexpectedly into the lives of some of these unfortunate and underprivileged children, or into the lives of some of these shut-ins or elderly people who are alone in the world, and let them see that without duty or obligation, without any other motive than that of the spirit of Christmas, mankind can remember them and do what the Greatest Peacemaker of the world did in antiquity, will revive their hopes and their ideals and make life once again worth living. And the joy and happiness that will come to your consciousness, for having done something like this, will be more like the joy and happiness of the spirit of Christmas than anything you may have ever experienced before.

And of the quality of gifts, or the nature of gifts, there is none that quite equals in value, or in blessing, the kind

word, the friendly handclasp, and the sympathetic attunement or companionship which you might give of yourself and from yourself to some of these persons in a few hours at no material cost whatsoever. It is not the material value of a material gift that always expresses the real spirit of the period. Many who are shut in or isolated or separated, or many children who are underprivileged and forgotten and neglected, have no way or means by which to judge the true material value of any material gift that may be given to them, but their hearts and minds will always adequately evaluate the spiritual quality of the immaterial gift that comes from your heart and your mind. So do not forget this.

As an additional expression of your appreciation and thanks for life itself, and the many opportunities you have of utilizing it, give something of your heart and mind and joy to those lonely, saddened and underprivileged persons, young or old, who are close by in your neighborhood or who can be found by you. They may even now be trying to convince themselves that the real spirit of Christmas is not something that is forgotten or limited, but is universally abundant and humanly given by those whose expressions count the most, namely, those who are not motivated either by duty, obligation, or any other idea than that of permitting the spiritual self within to expand and develop the spiritual qualities of all mankind.

... ROSE-CROIX UNIVERSITY ...

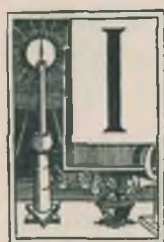
Make Your Plans Now

Although the summer season is associated with vacations and recreation, it also means, in the minds of many people, the opportunity for self-improvement.

To every Rosicrucian there is offered a combined period of improvement and recreation in the activities of the Rose-Croix University. The three-week session at the University, each year, offers recreation in the Rosicrucian Park and the Santa Clara Valley of California, together with competent instruction and activity in many fields of study in which all Rosicrucians are interested.

The 1950 term of the Rose-Croix University will be held from June 19 to July 8, and will offer specialized study in philosophy, science, music, art, drama, and many other subjects, as well as special lectures by officers of the Supreme and Grand Lodges on topics directly related to the Rosicrucian teachings.

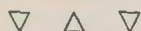
Now is the time to prepare for attendance at the 1950 term of the summer session. Before you forget, write to the Registrar of the Rose-Croix University, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, and ask for your copy of the *Story of Learning* and complete instructions as to how to prepare for the 1950 term.



IN *Mundo Musical*, a monthly illustrated review published in Buenos Aires, there recently appeared notice of the ballet *El Pillan*—the libretto by Carlos Enrique Castelli, the music by Alfredo Pinto.

Alfredo Pinto, pianist and composer, received his diploma from the Conservatory of Naples in 1912, according to the *Mundo Musical*. After a brief series of concerts in Italy, he came to South America and settled permanently in Argentina.

In 1929, Pinto began to attract attention as a composer. He won the municipal prize in Buenos Aires in 1939 for his symphonic poem *Rebellion* and also that of the Colon Theatre the same year with his opera *Gualicho*. In 1946 his ballet *El Pillan* was a contest winner. What the *Mundo Musical* does not tell is that Alfredo Pinto has been an enthusiastic member of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, for many years. Sometime you'll hear more about him.



Through the latter half of October, the new Art Gallery recently opened in the Rosicrucian Egyptian and Oriental Museum treated the public to the work of four young moderns, three men and a woman.

Miss Fern Hazelquist is a portraitist whose work exhibits warmth and charm. Two studies especially were pleasing and for very different reasons. *The Brazilian* and *Girl Reading*. The first for its impression of steel behind velvet and the other for the natural handling of a difficult pose. It goes back to the romantists of an earlier day in its feeling.

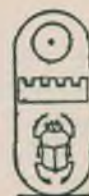
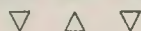
The three young men present an altogether contrasting story. They might be called *modernists with a difference*. They are certainly experimentalists and, with one exception, have in all likelihood not struck their stride.

Money Hickman is the exception. His tonal pattern and deftness of touch are not any less intriguing or beautiful for being directly traceable to his seadiving experience. His colors are subdued and on the subjective side, and display discipline. He very well may become a recognized landscapist.

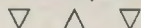
The other two young men, David Johnson and Stanley Sadler, are as far apart from each other as they are from either Hickman or Miss Hazelquist. Johnson's themes reflect his interest in music and display the brilliance and dash of flashy concerto passages. Their color chords seem unresolved. They pose the question whether Johnson's métier will be music or painting. Sadler, on the other hand, seems wholly decorative. His pattern is studiously complex and his color sense subtle. As yet, however, he hesitates between surrealist decor and portraiture. Perhaps one complements the other; the impression is that he is groping for a very big thing. If he finds it, he will make portraits as revealing as life histories.



The paintings of the San Jose artist, Charles Henry Harmon, had not been exhibited for fifteen years until recently when shown in the Rosicrucian museum. During his lifetime, Harmon enjoyed a reputation as a landscapist. The exhibition of the collection which belongs to his son-in-law, David Atkinson, revived considerable interest in these Californian landscapes with their particular moods and colors.



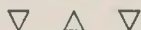
The Friday afternoon talks sponsored by the Museum are proving popular. During November the subjects were "The Expanding Universe," lecture by Floyd Newman; "The Art of Erica Karawina," Joel Disher; "The Cultural Progress of UNESCO," Frances Vejtasa.



Almost every day the world-wide character of our Order is impressed upon those here at Rosicrucian Park. The Inquiry and Instruction departments naturally are reminded of that fact by the letters that pour in from all parts of the world; and the officers are reminded by those visiting members who, no matter where they live, take occasion to come to Rosicrucian Park.

Frater A. Gerdenits is an example. He lives in Basrah on the Gulf of Persia in Iraq. Although in his native costume, Frater Gerdenits might easily pass as a native, he is not. He was born in Vienna. While he was attending school in England the war broke out and instead of returning home he went to the Middle East. He established himself in Palestine, first in Jerusalem and then at Gaza, until difficulties there made business uncertain. He moved to Basrah in Iraq.

Before returning to Iraq, he will visit Southern California and Mexico. Everything about Rosicrucian Park delighted Frater Gerdenits. To him, the Order will no longer be distant and impersonal, while many here will remember Basrah as a friendly place because of this Frater who lives there.



The above item recalls a story by George Day in *The New York Rosae Crucis*, headed "Rosicrucian Park." It no doubt voices the sentiments of many; so we quote it:

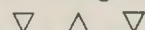
"The importance of San Jose to all Rosicrucians can be fixed only in the minds of those members who visit Rosicrucian Park. The effort to get there once each year recalls the ancients who traveled many miles to visit their Shrine and prove their LOVE for it, and for the things it stands for. Rosicrucian Park deserves such reverence.

"It was well worth the effort and pain—I went by bus, which meant five days of steady riding. As I rode across

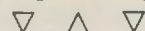
this great United States I visioned the pioneers of 1849 going westward in search of gold. I too was after gold—but of a different nature. *And I found it—diamonds, too!* This gold demands as much labor, as much digging and stick-to-it-iveness, as the gold the "49-ers" were after.

"I remembered those hardy souls who fought Nature, Indians, and the unexplored, suffering intense hardships to blaze the trail to the Great West—and I suffered no more! I was riding in a Parlor Car!

"Westward Ho in 1950, all ye hardy Rosicrucians!"—George Day

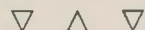


The world small as it is getting to be is still large enough for a few surprises. A familiar figure in Rosicrucian Park during RCU and the Convention was William Howden, film technician from Los Angeles. A few days ago a cryptic note came from him postmarked in New Zealand. He must be on location and may surprise us further with a camera version of life among the Maoris. At any rate, it's a possibility!



The other day a visitor to Rosicrucian Park asked for information regarding some of the performers during Convention. Talk ran pleasantly over several sessions and the following were recalled. Do you remember them—or others?

The Aszmans (mother and daughter) who delighted us on several occasions with that uncanny musical instrument, the theremin; Fred Forster, the genial prankster and magician; Colombe Nancy Bissett who sang, and also Caroline Pelt; Barbara Ream who did a Chinese dance called "Boxing Exercise." Come, now, you must be able to remember some for yourselves!



Thebes Lodge AMORC of Detroit, Michigan, has just been the recipient of a most unusual gift: a chair made by Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, the first Imperator of the Order in this cycle of its activity. Both the gift and the chair have a history.

The chair was the one used by officiating Colombes in the old Supreme

Temple in San Jose. It had been made for that purpose by Dr. Lewis.

A few months ago when the Old Temple was being dismantled, the then Supreme Colombe, Pearl Reid-Selth, asked to have that chair, and the present Imperator, Ralph M. Lewis, graciously gave it to her.

It was in Thebes Lodge of Detroit that Pearl was installed a Colombe of

the Order when she was but ten years old. Through the years she has remembered with gratitude the beauty of that experience. When she asked for the Colombe's chair it was with the thought of memorializing a happy event in her own life and at the same time saying "thank you" to Thebes Lodge in a way that would always be appreciated.

▽ △ ▽

5000 Years Behind

By CAMP EZELL, F.R.C.

(Reprinted from the *Beeville Bee-Picayune*)



IT HAS been said by some of the higher spiritual leaders of this generation that the human race is 5000 years behind on its schedule of evolution.

I do not know who could be the authority for setting the standard of the imagined goal, nor do I know the bases upon which the plan for the evolvement of mankind is predicated. But from what I have read of the progress that has been made, I am inclined to believe that those who made the statement did not exaggerate.

Astronomers tell us of countless solar systems that would make our own sun, the planets, and the various satellites of this so-called universe seem as an insignificant wart on the hand of a huge fairy-tale giant.

In view of this, it would be ridiculous for us to assume that Earth is the only planet in all the universe that is inhabited. This sort of deduction would be comparable to the attitude of a typical mountaineer hillbilly who recognizes no world except the village near which he was reared.

Of course, this is nothing but pure speculation, but, with a limitless universe surrounding us, could it not be that life on this particular planet is but a preparation for an existence on a higher plane on another globe? Or perhaps life on Earth is but the primary grade, or maybe the kindergarten, of the great Cosmic University!

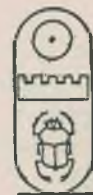
The late Arthur Brisbane, who was the highest paid man in the William Randolph Hearst newspaper chain, once told some reporters that "There is no great importance to anything. We are but 12,000 years removed from the earliest type of man," the writer explained. "In comparison with the estimated life of mankind, even this period is no longer than the tip end of one's little finger."

If what Mr. Brisbane said teaches us anything, it is that the progress of man is very slow, and that many incidents connected with our respective lives are not as important as some of us in our moments of egotism are led to believe.

Under the present educational system of this country, mankind will continue to unfold at a snail-pace stride. However, there are indications that point to a brighter outlook.

It is true, the discovery of the use of atomic energy has brought not only the prospects of an easier way of living; it also has created the possibility of world destruction, if it is ever employed on a large scale during future wars. But, since this world was created by an All-Wise Maker, I do not believe that man will be permitted to use the atomic power to destroy all life on this globe.

Since the beginning of our emergence from the depression, our government has evinced an ever-increasing interest in the progress of the common man, and, while the plan to further the in-



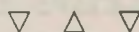
tellectual and spiritual progress of the people is in its infancy, the fact that it has started gives us the right to hope that it eventually will mature.

Within each man lie the potentialities of a great spiritual being, for each person is a segment of the Cosmic Soul, or God. What is needed is to evolve the personality until it is on a par with the soul. This being true, then we need schools and universities that will cultivate an intimacy between the perfect soul and the imperfect personality.

There is no better way to do this

than to teach youngsters from babyhood the various arts and sciences, as well as the spiritual laws, and give them religious instruction that will "hold water." I believe the time will come, perhaps shortly after the turn of the 21st century, when there will be a world-wide compulsory movement to have children trained in this manner.

If and when this is done, we will have reason to hope that we may overcome the 5000-year delay in the evolution of the human race on this planet within a reasonable length of time.



TIBETAN TRAILS

(Continued from Page 407)

grant us permission to exclusive motion pictures because of our cultural and mystical affiliations, was most gracious and willing to oblige. He waited until we were ready before giving his signal for the lamas' customary processional into the temple to begin. Upon a nod from him, the great ceremonial drums began to roll their beat. The lamas assembled and marched, two abreast, past our grinding cameras and entered the imposing edifice. It was indeed Oriental pageantry: the treading feet, the ancient and melodious chanting accompanied by the shrill blasts of the reed pipes of the musicians, the colorful and exotic garb of the lamas.

Inside a Lamasery

A lamasery is known in Sanskrit and Tibetan as a *gompa*. As do most of the Christian churches, it follows a traditional architectural design. Likewise, its ceremonial arrangements and accoutrements adhere to a pattern. There are usually several dwellings for the lamas. The most prominent and central building is the temple. The front of this temple is frequently of colored frescoes, murals depicting the four kings of the quarters. They symbolically guard the universe in all directions of the compass against the invasion of malevolent spirits.

Let us follow behind the lamas into their sacred precinct! We enter the great central door and are in the pronaos of the temple. This is like a

small vestibule. There before us are the manis or sacred prayer wheels. The smaller ones are in niches. The larger ones, some four feet in height, stand upon the stone flagging.

Now, thrilled and excited by our exceptional privilege and conscious of the fact that we would be able to give a firsthand account of our experience to thousands of Rosicrucians, we entered the *inner temple* doors. Before us was a fairly high nave or central aisle. On either side of the interior and at an extreme height were the windows which caused a crepuscular lighting in the nave. These in effect were like the clerestory of a cathedral. On either side of the threshold to the inner temple were two huge ceremonial drums. Beside them were vessels holding "holy" water.

Slowly and with the attitude of one on a great exploration and not wishing to miss a single element of the experience, we walked down the nave. At the far end was the *high altar*. It was very ornate, consisting of filigreed gold in symbolic design. Colored glasses were artistically set into the filigree, forming a kind of mosaic. The color arrangement of the glass had an esoteric meaning and was not just an artistic embellishment. Upon the altar were several statues of entities or personalities immortalized in Lamaism. To lamas these have the same theological significance as the saints to Christians. The figurines or statuettes appeared to be of pure gold.

On a rack in front of these treasures were ecclesiastical appurtenances familiar to Christians! There were the seven vessels of holy water, the incense bowls, and the like. In ancient times the general arrangement was borrowed from the Buddhist temples in India. Was the similarity between this high altar and the ones seen in Christian cathedrals purely coincidental? *Most certainly not.* Since these arrangements had been in existence long before Christianity, they were but another example of the syncretic practices of Christianity. Unfortunately, many Christians blindly close their minds to the credit due other religions for many of the rituals and regalia which they cherish in their own faith.

Paralleling the nave or central aisle were rows of long low benches. The lamas or monks sat upon these and were quietly spinning their hand manis, that is, prayer wheels, or gazing with curiosity upon us. At the right side near the altar and upon an elevated seat, sat the chief lama or abbot. He bowed in a solemn manner as we approached. On the floor in front of the benches were several small boys who grinned at us as small boys will. These boys were novices and eventually would become lamas.

In honor of our visit, the abbot permitted us another exceptional privilege. He instructed the monks to recite one of their ritualistic chants and to play their ceremonial musical instruments. The thumping of the drums done with the flat of the hands, accompanied by the shrill pipes and the melodious chanting of the red-robed and barefooted lamas, had the effect of our being transported behind the veil of the

centuries. It was as if we had been reborn into another life.

To the left of the "East" or high altar and behind the benches of the lamas, stood a large rack containing shelves and bins. It reached almost to the ceiling. To the casual observer it would seem as though they contained bolts of drygoods to which price tags were attached. In fact, however, these were the *sacred archives* of the lamasery. In each of the bins was a parchment scroll attached to two wooden poles. The scrolls were about three feet in length. For protection against dust and the ravages of time, they had been placed in linen sacks now yellow with age. To the end of each sack was affixed, as has been the custom for centuries, a label identifying the contents of the scroll.

These scrolls contain archaic liturgies and the dharma (the sacred law) from early Buddhist writings. The scrolls, as well, contain esoteric principles and rites concerning healing, the revelation of natural laws, spiritual attainment, and the like. The chief abbot took down several of these and related their origin and nature to me.

As a special concession, the chief lama posed with one of these rare scrolls to be photographed. I was then reminded of that great illuminating book published by the Order, entitled *Unto Thee I Grant*. The contents of this exceptional book were originally translated from such scrolls as these by the authority of the Gyalwa Rin-Po-Che or Dalai Lama himself. Here, then, on the very frontier of old Tibet we had encountered one of the many sources of such wisdom.

(To be continued)

TEMPLE INITIATIONS

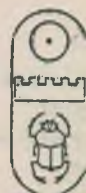
The New York City Lodge, 250 West 57th Street, Suite 814, will confer the following initiations on Sundays, at 3:00 p. m.

Fifth Temple Degree, December 18, 1949

Sixth Temple Degree, January 29, 1950

First Temple Degree, February 26, 1950

Eligibility consists in the member's having entered the study of the degree being presented. Candidates should register with the Secretary of the Lodge.





A Rosicrucian of the 19th Century

By DR. HENRY RIDGELY EVANS

(Reprinted from *The Linking Ring*, March, 1949)



IN THE EARLY Victorian era of the 19th Century there flourished in England a Rosicrucian adept and pioneer in the field of psychical research. He was a famous wizard, whose magic wand was a pen, and he lived for a long time in an ancient manor house in Hertfordshire, England, called *Knebworth*, where he conjured up a number of remarkable romances dealing with the occult. I refer, of course, to Bulwer-Lytton, the scion of an aristocratic family, a darling of the gods, so to speak, who was born with a golden spoon in his mouth. He was a typical dandy, in his youthful days, who sported gaudy velvet vests, wore many rings on his fingers, and wore his hair long. Briefly let me capitulate his remarkable life.

Edward George Earle Bulwer-Lytton, the son of General Earle Bulwer, of Heydon Hall and Woodalling, County Norfolk, England, was born in London, May 25, 1803. One of his ancestors, Tuvald Bulwer, fought with William the Conqueror at Hastings. His mother, Elizabeth B. W. Lytton, was the descendant and heiress of the families of Robinson and Lytton of Knebworth, in the County of Hertford.

In 1826 Bulwer graduated from Trinity Hall, Cambridge University, and soon after visited France. On his return to England, in 1827, he published his novel, *Falkland*, which was

followed by *Pelham* and others. In 1831 he was returned to Parliament for St. Ives, and from 1832 to 1841 he represented the city of Lincoln. He was made a baronet in 1838. In 1844, on the death of his mother, he came into possession of Knebworth, and adopted the name of Bulwer-Lytton.

In 1858 Bulwer-Lytton held for a time the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies. He was made a peer in 1866, with the title of Baron Lytton. In 1827 he married Rosina Wheeler, of Limerick; but they separated in 1836 after a somewhat stormy matrimonial experience. Bulwer-Lytton died at Torquay January 18, 1873. He was an extraordinarily versatile man. His drama of *Richelieu* still holds the boards; it was Edwin Booth's favorite play, of course excepting *Hamlet*. Bulwer-Lytton wrote upwards of 50 books. At the outset of his career he poured forth a flood of romances dealing with "high life"; his heroes were lady-killers of the Byronic type. When public taste changed to novels dealing with "low life" scenes, the young author gave his readers such productions as *Paul Clifford*, the gentleman highwayman. When historical romances became the vogue, he wrote *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*; *Rienzi*, etc., whose popularity last to this day. To please himself, for he was a student of the occult, Bulwer brought out *A Strange Story*; *Zanoni*; *The Coming Race*; and, last but not least, *The House and the Brain*.

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These remarkable romances of magic and mystery will live as long as lovers of the supernatural and students of psychic phenomena exist, and I see no near eclipse of such pursuits, judging from the enormous interest in the mystic and marvelous manifested in this age of ours, despite the advance of materialistic science. Though published as romances, the above-mentioned works are real treatises on the occult. They are well worth the attention of the serious student whether or not he believes in the theories advanced. It is said that Bulwer entertained Eliphas Lévi at Knebworth, and from that famous French Cabalist obtained much information on magic, such as the existence of the "astral light," etc. Some occultists declare that Bulwer-Lytton studied magic and mysticism under Lévi, but I have never been able to substantiate this statement by documentary evidence. It seems reasonable, however; Lévi is known to have visited England, where he had some strange experiences bordering on the supernatural. It would seem more than probable that two such mystics should meet—Bulwer, the Rosicrucian; and Lévi, the Cabalist. Dr. J. Wynn Westcott, founder of an Order of Masonic Rosicrucians, seems to think that Lord Lytton was initiated into Rosicrucianism in the old lodge at Frankfort-on-the Main, Germany.

Science Pursues Strange Mysteries

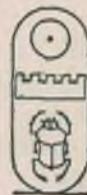
That Bulwer-Lytton was an ardent student of occultism and spiritualistic phenomena admits of no doubt, judging from letters on the subject sent to his son, to Lord Walpole, Lady Combermere, John Forster, and others. Perhaps he believed more in occultism than his biographer is willing to admit. Had Bulwer lived in this era he would doubtless have joined hands with Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Hyslop, and other prominent investigators. Psychical research was in its infancy in Bulwer's time; it has made wonderfully convincing strides during the last 40 years. To Lord Walpole, Bulwer wrote on June 13, 1853: "I have been pursuing science into strange mysteries, since we parted, and gone far into a spiritual world which suffices to destroy all existing metaphysics and

to startle the strongest reason. O poor materialist!" . . .

Says Sir William Barrett, in his *On the Threshold of the Unseen*: "Physics teaches us that light, heat, electricity, and magnetism effect the matter of an invisible world, the all-pervading ether, more perfectly than they do the matter of the visible world. . . . May not thought be able to act in like manner? The phenomena of telepathy show either that thought can powerfully affect an unseen material medium, or else project particles of thought stuff through space, or that telepathy is the direct operation of our transcendental or intuitive self." Bulwer wrote his story long before the advent of the Society of Psychical Research; before the subject of telepathy or thought transference was subjected to any real scientific study. But his theories of the supernatural are very much in accord with those of modern investigators.

In the year 1842 Bulwer-Lytton brought out his first mystic novel, *Zanoni*. The character of Mejnour and the main outlines of the romance were inspired by a dream. *Zanoni*, as I interpret it, is an allegory of Initiation, and must be read from that point of view, or the reader will be lost in a maze of magic and supernaturalism. The hero, Zanoni, is divine philosophy; the ideal. Mejnour is science, coldly calculating and desirous of prolonged life on the earth plane. Glyndon, the candidate for initiation, is art, aspiring but sensuous; exalted one day to the seventh heaven of belief, the next day sunk in the mire of skepticism and sensuality. Viola, the heroine, represents faith, coupled with religious orthodoxy. There are, of course, other implications in this remarkable romance of Rosicrucianism, but space forbids my enlarging upon them. The scenes transpiring during the French Revolution are powerfully drawn, culminating with the death of Zanoni on the scaffold.

More interesting because more human is *A Strange Story*, the plot of which is thrilling; the scenes are incomparably weird and awe-inspiring, especially the magical evocation in the last chapter. The novel first appeared as a serial in Charles Dickens' *All the*



Year Round. Writing to Dickens about the characters, Bulwer says:

"Margrave is the sensuous material principle of Nature. Ayesha, with her black veil, unknown song, and her skeleton attendant, Death, is Nature as a materialist, like Dr. Fenwick sees her.

"Fenwick is the type of the intellect that divorces itself from the spiritual and disdaining to acknowledge the First Cause and the beliefs that spring from it, is cheated by the senses themselves, and falls into all kinds of visionary mistakes and illusions similar to those of great reasoners, like Hume, Laplace and La March.

"Lillian is the type of the spiritual divorcing itself from the intellectual, and indulging in mystic ecstasies which end in the loss of reason. Each has need of the other, and their union is really brought about through the heart—Fenwick recognizing soul and God, through love and sorrow, though he never recognized them till the mysterious prodigies which puzzled him had passed away."

In a letter to his son, Bulwer remarks: "The supernatural in man is inexplicable by the natural sense of man. They show that philosophers, getting rid of soul and First Cause, indulge in more romance and fantastic chimera than any novels can do."

Bulwer's story of *The Coming Race* is a fantastic account of an imaginary people that inhabit the interior of the earth, with a very highly developed civilization. They are depicted as being in possession of a life-giving and life-destroying agency called *Vril*, a power akin to electricity, by which electrical science had reached at the date when *The Coming Race* was published. It must be admitted that Lord Lytton showed remarkable gifts of foresight in this work.

Prayer, a Link

Bulwer's thoughts on religion, as expressed in his letter to his son, dated Ventnor, December 17, 1861, are illuminating. They form a splendid philosophical dissertation on the immortality of the soul. (*The Life of Edward Bulwer*. By the Earl of Lytton. Vol 2, p. 401, et seq.) He bids his son to hold fast "to the conviction of soul and hereafter, and the connecting link between which is found in habitual prayer."

Bulwer had expressed a wish to be buried quietly in the Mausoleum at Knebworth, but when the honor of a public funeral and interment in Westminster Abbey were offered, his son could not refuse such "a national recognition" of his father's greatness. Bulwer lies buried in the chapel of St. Edmund, not far from the Poet's Corner.

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The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most highly developed and spiritually advanced members and workers of the Rosicrucian fraternity. It is the focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiate vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at the time will receive the benefit of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in the unusual benefits as well as those who are members. The book called *Liber 777* describes the periods for various contacts with the Cathedral. Copies will be sent to persons who are not members if they address their requests for this book to Friar S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing three cents in postage stamps. (*Please state whether member or not—this is important.*)

THE IDEALISM OF CHRISTMAS

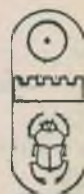


OF ALL PERIODS of the year, there is no season represented by holiday or special observance that brings to our consciousness such strength of idealism as does Christmas. The idealism represented by our usual concept of Christmas could solve many of the world's social, political, and economic problems if applied all the year round.

In almost all the countries of the world where the Christmas season is given recognition, the event, on the part of the majority of individuals, seems to be a spontaneous showing of the higher ideals that have been established by the human race, even predating the time of Christ whose birthday is then ob-

served. These ideals are represented in the expression of a wish for peace: for peace of mind of the individual, and peace among individuals. Thoughtfulness is obviously expressed since the person who has taken upon himself or herself at least some of the spirit of this season is in a mood to overlook the usual prejudices and limited personal opinions which affect a great deal of his behavior at other times during the year.

Probably the most spontaneous expression of these points of view, and an illustration of the idealism as represented by Christmas, is found expressed by children. The immature mind, in countries where Christmas is observed, looks forward to that season with keen anticipation. It is true that much of this attitude is encouraged by the



thought of gifts and holiday festivities, but even deeper than that the social structure, in Christian countries, has seemed to implant in the minds of children the happiness and lack of worry and concern that accompanies this particular season. The average child's concept of Christmas is of a time when there are no competing activities for his happiness, and when peace of mind is being expressed by everyone. Unless unfortunate experiences have proved otherwise, the average child can think of Christmas only as a time when true peace on earth actually reigns and is the fundamental social expression of all those with whom he comes in contact.

With the adult years, the realism of experience in the lives of each human being has a tendency to temper this point of view. *The realistic adult comes to know that the ideals associated in his immature years with the Christmas season must, at some time, face the actualities of disappointment, of ill-health, and misfortune which are the lot of every man and every woman, regardless of their station in life or of the season of the year.* As a result, two general types of reaction develop in the adult: cynicism, or the belief that all forms of idealism are merely a veneer or false front built as a cover up for actual human behavior; and the belief, or rather the pathetic hope, that the idealism of childhood can endure above and beyond the physical and material problems of everyday living.

Some persons think that no form of idealism can actually be put into continuous operation. This argument is based upon the belief that all idealism is something that man can conceive in his mind, while, at the same time, he carries out activities in his life entirely different from his philosophy. Evidences of such human behavior are met on every side. We all, at one time or another, appreciate the viewpoint of the cynic when we see evidences of a person's ideals, or, at least, what he states as his ideals, being absolutely contrary to his behavior. This discussion naturally raises the question of what is man's actual state in life. Is the normal man an individual who is given the ability to develop ideals in theory and yet who continues a somewhat animal type of behavior through

his life span? Is man after all merely a higher expression of animal life who through some whim of power, not understandable to him, has been granted the ability to glimpse at better things and higher ideals, but who never is able to quite reach them?

To give any kind of satisfactory answer to these questions, we must revert to the acceptance of a fundamental principle which is found in all idealistic philosophies and in most religions; it is that man actually is a composite of two forces. This means that the life force or inner self of man is related to his maker, but that the physical body and the physical mind is related to the material environment of that of which he is a part. The continued attempt of man to reconcile the inner urges of himself with the stress of material environment is considered to be the concept for the purpose of life, because if these two stresses cannot be reconciled, then the cynic may be right. Man can express, if he wishes, the idealism which finds an appropriate response within his own inner being. The inner self which man can conceive as being related to the Cosmic, or to God, or to whatever infinite force he may wish to believe in, can be considered to be the continuous glowing fire which feeds those beliefs or concepts which distinguish him from the animal nature found in his environment.

The idealism for which most men hope, and to which they give expression at this season of the year, can be made the predominating basis of behavior by choice. But such a choice sometimes means sacrifice of material ambition and hopes of gain, and, as history has shown, when it comes to the point of actually making the choice, many men rely on the material world first. In contrast to the historic facts which seem to contradict the power and force of man's higher ideals, we do find evidence from the earliest records of civilization that idealism and spiritual value have endured through the thousands of years of man's existence upon the earth. To return to the study of the monotheism of ancient Egypt, of the idealistic philosophy of Plato, and of the traditions, writings, and activities of many other idealists in ancient

times is to learn that man has always strived toward these ideals.

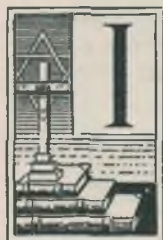
Nature's laws move slowly, there is still a chance, in fact a probability that the idealism expressed through history can become the predominating force in man's life, that human beings can agree to get along with each other, and in turn nations can find points of agreement, so that in the final end, peace can reign on earth and in the minds of men. Christmas represents a time of

rebirth, a time when social custom and practice helps us to bring to the front the ideals which are more or less buried in our consciousness at other seasons. If many individuals, regardless of their various faiths and creeds, regardless of their race and nation, direct their efforts toward living the ideals expressed at this time, then there is hope for man, hope that the ideals embodied in his inner thinking may someday predominate his overt behavior.



New Methods in Education

By Francis Kordás, F. R. C.



I HAVE more than fifteen years of experience in education, including intensive scientific research work. Often I have contemplated the idea as to the kind of educational principles that may be derived from my Rosicrucian studies and how I could put them into practice.

After rather interesting pedagogical research throughout seven years in Brazil, South America, in the field of primary education, I came home to teach in secondary schools and to be lecturer of foreign languages at the Budapest University in Hungary. However, my researches in this field were far from being as absorbing and extensive as have the experiences gained this year in the seventh and eighth forms of the so-called "general school" of Csepel-Királyerdo, a suburb of Budapest. It is of these experiments and tests that I wish to give a brief account.

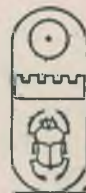
The School and the Proletarian Environment

Királyerdo, as Csepel, is a sort of settlement inhabited by proletarian workers. There are around 5,000 of them, and they ride their bicycles every morning to the Weiss Manfred Nationalized Steel Works, Hungary's biggest industrial center. The site of this settlement used to be royal hunting grounds a matter of twenty years ago. It was allotted to the workers after the

trees had been felled, hence the sandy and barren soil. The school proper as built under the previous regime, prior to World War II, is a two-story modern building. The staff numbers thirty-six, mostly primary school teachers, many of whom are women. Ninety-six percent of the pupils are children of working parents. The equipment is very poor; the school benches are worn and battered. There is scarcely any illustrative material; everything perished during the siege.

Discipline

A slackening in discipline can be observed also abroad since the war, particularly so in the Hungarian schools. A school system has been established here by the present regime, with new education methods and curriculum. This state of affairs can of course be ascribed to the great change in this country, where capitalism has been replaced by socialism. The principles of "bourgeois" education are being ousted everywhere from education and are replaced by socialist standards. Education is in a stage of experimentation. Nevertheless, it must be said for the present socialist regime of Hungary that it has done more for the youth and the schools than the past regimes ever did. Socialism wants to place the sons of the people in the key positions. Intellectuals being dismissed from offices, factories, and plants are replaced by intellectuals of worker and peasant extraction.



The revolutionary ambition and drive, the speed of transformation and reeducation are making their imprint on school work as well. The pupils became less disciplined, less attentive, and more refractory. That was the situation also at Csepel. I was fully aware of the fact that I could not remedy the situation with the old tricks. I had to think up new methods for curbing them.

Group Planning and Team Work

At the first session I tried to materialize what I call the "Rosicrucian touch." I had to give a German lesson in this class, the eighth form. Looking my pupils full in the eyes, I introduced myself, then wrote my name on the blackboard, and told them with what affection I came to teach them. Well knowing that they hated the German language, I told them about the Hungarian schools in Brazil where I taught languages and literature to youngsters such as they.

To increase study results we formed three teams, consisting each of ten to twelve boys who were all about fourteen years of age. The best pupils in the class were appointed team leaders and deputy leaders. This appealed to the boys immensely. I felt that they had been won over by my composure, humor, and affection; the appeal was not only to their minds, but to their hearts. It was then that I experienced something which the casual observer would never believe—the children's immense longing for understanding, friendship, love, and affection.

Thirst for Affection

The more I loved them, the more I radiated affection, friendship, and willingness to help; the more I felt that *their* subconscious, hitherto suppressed thirst for love broke through the threshold. And then I saw their minds clearly. In their proletarian homes these boys (and in other classes, the girls) never heard a word of appreciation, never were given a friendly gesture, a caress. In many a home the father spends his earnings on liquor, and treats the members of his family rudely. There are many children, and the wages are meager. No wonder the

child is thirsty for love, which it does not get either at home or at school. Up until now their heads had been crammed with dead letters. They had to reply to the teacher's snappy questions, and if they did not reply well, they got a bad mark. That was the reason why the boys and girls were fed up with school and learning.

To set this liberated outstreaming of love in the right channels, I began by looking at their books and booklets and saw how neglected they were. I told them that by the next lesson I should like to see everything neatly bound in paper and in order, with the team leaders responsible. Within a few weeks the various teams operated wonderfully. In fact, we went to the length of even discussing the marks together. The three teams of my classes competed with each other. Also, I made a point of placing a weaker student beside a better one. Then I gave them tasks which had to be solved in group work at home. The various groups gathered now in this house, now in that, and solved their more difficult tasks in common.

Winning over the Parents

Soon in all the forms of our school around 800 pupils were learning in groups. At this time there was a national competition for "Better Education" in all Hungary. Now was the time for approaching also the parents in the collective way. Although a Decree obliged the parents to form the Working Community of Parents, quite naturally it was not observed because little did the parents care about such trifles. I soon discovered that the parents were not interested in the school. They regarded it as a necessary evil, or at best a sort of day-home where they could accommodate their children until they themselves came home from the factory.

We presented the idea that the school is the second home of their children. We convened them all to a Parents' Conference each month at the school, showed them the deteriorated state of the school, and asked them to help tidy it up. All my colleagues volunteered to work with them. This surprised them. Eight to ten women came every day to help the charwomen. They scrubbed

and cleaned everything while we teachers worked with them and did the heavier work. Soon the whole school-building glittered. Everything was clean, gardens as well as windows. It is no longer difficult to persuade the parents to come to the school for regular meetings. They now realize that the school is not only their children's second home, but a cultural center as well.

This work in common had its results. Learning and cooperation became a matter of honor in our school. Later the usual tasks were not enough for the pupils; they wanted extra duties. In six months our school, in the national study competition, was awarded a

Study Medal, and our average standard rose from mark "3" to mark "5." In the Hungarian schools "7" is the highest mark for erudition.

Mental Alchemy

Education is a mental, a spiritual alchemy, destined to place the pupil's mind and soul at the service of a common aim. Rosicrucian education is a synthesis which harmonizes the pupil's individual, social, and cultural needs with the eternal spiritual assets of mankind, and which by arousing the Cosmic consciousness opens up large vistas of cooperation between the nations in the service of understanding, pacification, and universal brotherhood.



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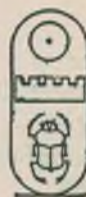
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DWARFS IN THOSE DAYS

(Continued from Page 411)

are believed to keep their homes immaculately clean. Others dwell in thick jungles of broom sedge. Many take up abode in abandoned lofts.

Their drumming and singing are often heard in the hills, and they are supposed to have guarded the Cherokee gold mines when the majority of the tribe was exiled to Oklahoma. At one time, they are supposed to have captured an Indian child. When he was found, weeks later, he had completely forgotten the Cherokee tongue and fought like a little animal to keep from being taken back to his home.

Will West Long, another Cherokee, told the two anthropologists about a man who was fishing in a remote stream. Suddenly, the man heard a voice singing. When he looked around, he saw a tiny man, dressed in blue clothes and a blue pointed cap, sitting on a high rock.

Increasing evidences connect the Cherokees with the ancient Toltecs, driven out of Mexico by the conquering Aztecs. The Toltecs, in their time, ruled much of what is now Latin America. Could the Cherokee legends reflect, in part, traditions of contact with dwarf peoples by their possible ancestors, the Toltecs?

That is the question still to be answered. But Latin America itself offers convincing proof that dwarf tribes played their part in this hemisphere.

As early as 1641, a Catholic missionary priest, Father Acuna, heard of a dwarf race from the Tupinamba Indians of the Amazon. The Tupinambas called the short people *Guayaziscily*, meaning "little men."

In 1830, two German travellers, Spix and Martius, were told by Indians about a pygmy people living on the Rio Jurua. They were called *Cauna*, or "wild men." The two saw one member of the dwarf tribe. He was twenty-four years old and three feet, eight inches in height. Still later, a noted anthropologist, Dr. Marcano, was astonished to find pre-Columbian skeletons of near-dwarfs in the Aragua Valley.

Bushy-haired dwarfs of a "brilliant reddish-yellow color" have been seen

many times in different sections of Surinam. They are known as the *Mahalah* people. Recent reports say that they have been largely assimilated by the bush Negroes, descendants of runaway slaves, living in the interior of the country.

An American traveller is quoted in the June, 1898, number of *L'Anthropologie* (Paris) as finding "on the Rio Negro beings of remarkably small stature." These were, in all probability, the "little men" of Spix and Martius, or people closely related. "So far as I could learn," the traveller wrote, "they live near the source of the Orinoco, or in that part of Venezuela which adjoins the frontier of Brazil. They are only four feet, eight inches high, and the women still less." These same small-statured folk are also referred to by the famous scientist and explorer, Baron von Humboldt.

In 1851, two young Indian dwarfs created a sensation when they were exhibited in Boston. Doctors and scientists visited them; an account of them was published in one of the leading medical journals of the day. Their skin was "of a dark, yellowish cast." Their sponsors declared that they were the descendants of the priestly class of a race of dwarfs living in a "hitherto undiscovered city in South America."

What a pity that more investigation was not made of the origins of those two living American pygmies. After they had been vaccinated against smallpox, given Christian names, and taught English, they simply disappeared from sight. Allowing for a showman's exaggeration about the "undiscovered city," it has since been proved that a dwarf race lives to this day in Central Brazil. It is the little-known *Gaiapo* tribe whose villages lie hidden in dense jungles.

Research into the origins of these people, who average four and one-half feet in height, has been impossible thus far because of their ferocity. They wage constant warfare against neighboring and taller tribes with their war clubs called *bordunas*, described as being twice as heavy as a baseball bat. They are reputed to be holding in captivity

the explorer, Colonel Percy Fawcett, who disappeared in the Brazilian jungles years ago, and forcing him to teach them modern methods of warfare.

Thus far, they have resisted the extension of rubber plantations into their territory. Inordinately vain, they tattoo their generally nude bodies in brilliant colors. Some taboo against water keeps them from building canoes and from swimming.

But their natural curiosity about our impinging world is bringing them inevitably into the orbit of civilization. Arthur J. Burks, a contemporary author, reports having seen them near the town of Sao Luiz gaping in "open-mouthed wonder" at trucks and motor-driven launches.

Brazil and Africa are so relatively close, since migration between the two continents seems to have taken place even before Columbus, that it is possible these dwarfish Brazilian Indians are distant offshoots of the African pygmies. Further acquaintance with the Gaiapos may establish other links between them and the Negritos of the Philippines as well as with extinct pygmy groups.

Unfinished Chapter

The discovery of these Brazilian "Little People," the widespread pygmy lore of Indian tribes everywhere, should stimulate American Archaeologists to complete what is a fascinating, unfinished chapter in American origins. For ours is a continent whose discovery and origin are still incomplete.

A Cayuga chief, Deskaheh, indicated where to start, in a conversation with Witthoft and Hadlock.

"He suggested that the Indians had been in America so long, and had been in such intimate contact with their environment, that they had formed relationships with beings and things of which Europeans had no knowledge.

"Since the whites have cleared the land, some of the relationships have changed. . . . The Little People have withdrawn to the westward and are now rarely seen—although their presence is sometimes very real, and they have not severed their connections with the Indian people."

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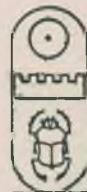


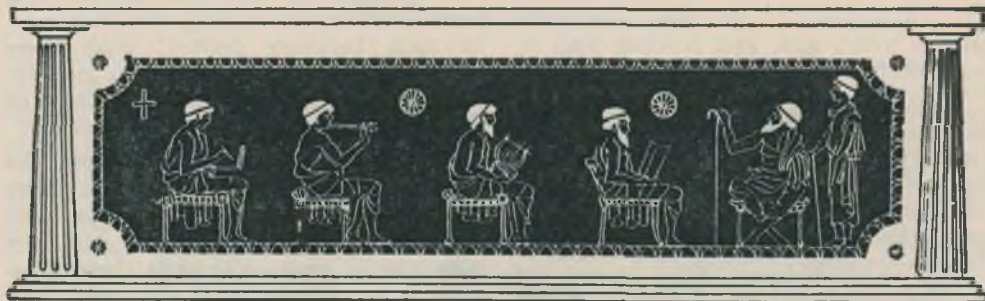
HOMAGE TO GOETHE

Writers from various countries contributed chapters to a volume entitled *Unesco's Homage to Goethe on the Second Centenary of his Birth*. Thus a special tribute has been paid to a great man, claimed by Germany because of birth, but who belongs to the world as a poet, mystic, and thinker.

* * *

Thomas Mann, a Nobel prize winner in literature, exiled from his native Germany for sixteen years, returned to Frankfurt as a recipient of the Goethe Prize for Literature given on the poet's 200th birth anniversary. Thomas Mann is now an American citizen.





SANCTUM MUSINGS

THE WILL TO DO

By RODMAN R. CLAYSON, Grand Master



HOW MANY TIMES have you heard the admonishment, "You must learn to help yourself. You got yourself into the difficulty; now you must find your way out." Perhaps during an illness you have called your physician, and he has said to you, "I can help you only if you help yourself." Such well-meant directives have hurt. You had felt that some magical formula could be invoked for you, and that thereby all your troubles would be removed. It was a shock to learn that there was no miraculous method to be exercised in your behalf.

Every year thousands of dollars are spent by gullible persons who visit soothsayers and readers of one kind or another. The hope is harbored that they will be told that good fortune is just around the corner, and that success and wealth will be bestowed upon them. It is said that hope burns eternally within the heart, but oftentimes the hope is misplaced by expecting someone else to do away with our despair. *Hope* we should have, and *faith* in equal measure. These should be linked with confidence, not in someone we know and whom we expect to remove the obstacles from life's road for us, but in ourselves. With the above attri-

butes, and will and determination, we can create new worlds for ourselves.

You, perhaps, know or have heard of some seriously ill person who, according to his doctor, has little chance for recovery. The doctor has said that he has done all that he can in the light of his professional knowledge. Then, seemingly strange, the patient takes a turn for the better, and soon recovers complete health. Case histories indicate that the person who had been sick decided that he wanted, more than anything else, to get well and to live a full life.

You have heard of the young woman who, unfortunately, was unemployed and who was desperately in need of work. Then she acquired a splendid, gainful position. She was a person who knew her capabilities, and who personally contacted innumerable firms who might use her services. She *knew* that she had abilities which would be of value to some employer and, of course, as she systematically continued her search, she found that employer.

Then there was the family who wanted to take a cruise to Europe. Their funds were meager, but they were steadily employed. By systematically budgeting their home-maintenance affairs and getting extra employment at night from time to time, they

were able to save enough money to take the journey of their dreams.

We know of a certain man who had reached the retirement age in business. The trouble he had was not financial, as he had saved money in his younger years and also now enjoyed a reasonable pension. Unfortunately, he had no family; his wife and child had met untimely deaths some years before. His trouble was one of adjustment. He could no longer go regularly to the office, and there were no business affairs to occupy his mind. He would sit in his room by the hour and stare out into space. He would not read, see friends, nor go to the theater. Eventually his health began to weaken, and he was advised that transition might soon overtake him if he did not cultivate new interests in life. This man finally decided that he wanted to enjoy life, and took up the hobby of wood carving. Finding that he could easily carve beautiful work, he turned his hand to the making of unique hand-carved picture frames. Soon there was a ready sale for all the frames he could produce. He made new friends, maintained contact with old friends, and even cultivated interests other than his handiwork.

Constructive Plans

The above examples reveal what can be done when hope, faith, and confidence are united with the will and determination to do. What do we expect from life? Do we feel that life treats us badly? The fact is that life will give us as much and more than we put into it. We can draw to ourselves the very conditions we desire, and by the same token we can attract the conditions which we fear.

If we are not happy with our lot, the time has come when we must do something about it. If we do nothing, the conditions will not improve. Life is an experience; it must be lived here and now. Furthermore, life cannot be lived for ourselves alone. We cannot expect to be rewarded with happiness and peace of mind unless our desires include others—our family and our friends. With these thoughts ever in mind, we will find that accomplishment not only salves our ego, but brings joy

and benefit to others. No man was ever truly happy who thought only of himself. He who would live life to its fullest must not only work toward a definite objective, but he must work for those he loves or for a righteous cause.

One's life should be planned. One should have definite, constructive things to do. If you are in the business world, you should not only strive for a better position, but plan how to use your time constructively after working hours. In order to do this properly, it is necessary to sit down in the quiet of your home and decide upon your objective, the thing, or condition you wish to attain. Then plan your life, and live your plan. In living your plan, you will be confronted with many challenges. The adversities of life, however, are necessary to produce the means of accomplishment and to spur one onward toward his objective. According to the intensity of the desire, just so will be your joy in achievement. To work, to exert ourselves in overcoming seeming odds, is and always has been the law. Without such directed endeavor, the objective is not likely to be reached.

Achievement Not by Accident

History records the lives of many individuals who have groped against seemingly overwhelming odds, but who, ever inspired by hope, at last realized victory. These are the individuals who have been irresistibly drawn by a great dream or who visualized attainment. Every individual must have a dream or goal in keeping with his real ability. He must consistently work toward that goal, in the face of all obstacles, lest he fritter away his time in trivialities and become hopelessly bored with life.

Achievement does not come about through accident. Those who enjoy peace of mind, success, and happiness, have been imbued with the will to do, and they have made good use of their creative power. Why are they different from other people? Because they have planned their lives, because they are fighting to realize achievement. A sound sense of values helps us to know what makes life everlastingly worth while. A sense of values comes about through knowledge, and knowledge is the result of experience. Experience is



gained by doing. There must be the will to do, to work, to move ever toward the goal; and if there is not this will, this plan, there may be disaster. We cannot live *today* next year, nor can we live *tomorrow* today. We must make the most of every day, and in doing so we will be taking care of tomorrow.

Unfortunately, freedom from responsibility, from work, and from ideals seems to be the tendency of so many people. This brings boredom of life and possible poverty. The fact must be recognized, however, that without work and its plan of operation, nothing worth while was ever accomplished. Consider the greatest structures in the modern world, the Grand Coulee Dam, the Empire State Building, the Golden Gate Bridge, the plane or train streamliner, or the best-seller novel, the symphonies of the masters—none of these splendid works were accomplished without plan and tremendous endeavor. Each was the dream of one or more men and women and each was materialized to be of benefit to mankind. These were materialized because hope, faith, and confidence were manifested in individuals in the objective or goal to be reached, and there were the necessary will and determination to surmount every obstacle and bring the objective into existence. Individually our objectives need not be the building of ocean liners or tunneling through mountains for a railroad, but the need for planning, action, and the will to do is just the same.

We have said that there must be hopes and dreams. Dreams and desires have their place, to be sure, but we cannot build on them. Fortune favors those who prepare for possible or probable opportunities and are ready to use them if and when they are created. In striving to attain an ideal or objective, power will flow through you only when you have the will and determination to do something about it.

Life must be lived actively, with purpose and aspiration; and to these will

be added inspiration. What we gain is the result of our own efforts, for we have helped ourselves along the way. Once we have learned this valuable lesson, we will find that we are not confronted with innumerable obstacles—obstacles which seem insurmountable. It is a truism that we must have courage and resolution. Courage and resolution must be fired with new confidence.

The hardest lesson to learn is that little is gained without *labor* and even *sacrifice*. Success in life will be yours when you learn that when you have the will to do you will have the power to do. Success is not necessarily a matter of occupying a high office or doing conspicuous work; success is in making the most of what you are and gaining the most from what you have. A great man once said that it is best to do that which is near at hand, and great things will come to your hand to be done.

In all personal activities there is the need for self-control and a true sense of the values of things. Triumph over adverse conditions brings the power which helps us to guide our destiny. If we have courage, discernment of perception, and patience to carry through, achievement will be realized out of meaningless negation. Every day we must create opportunities to help ourselves and to help those with whom we are intimately associated.

Revolutionary changes in our lives do not come about through outside help. Within us is the power to bring about the necessary changes which will put us on our own feet, and from within ourselves we will gain the necessary strength.

We must never find ourselves in the position of Nefru. It is said that a long time ago Nefru wandered, from one foreign land to another, in quest of a rare treasure of which he had heard, a treasure that would make him very wealthy; and all the while he was gone he was being sought as the heir to a fortune.



Strangers Within Thy Gates

By ELIZABETH C. WALKER



THE FOREIGN STUDENTS who come to America to study are ten to one better educated and better bred than the average American student."

This challenging statement was made by Mrs. Caroline Midgley of Salt Lake City, who may not be recognized as a name but who possesses that specific knowledge which can come only from the close contact of personal interviews with hundreds of foreign students.

Since Americans are generally considered the best-educated people, I waited attentively for this tall, dark-haired, internationally-minded woman to continue her story.

"For instance, each one of these students from foreign countries is able to converse intelligently in from three to seven languages. It offends them that few people bother to talk to them, and those who do invariably 'talk down' as to a subnormal adolescent!" she explained.

How did our featured lady gravitate into this work?

Caroline Leigh Midgley was born in Riverton, Alabama, a town that no longer exists. With her family reared, she found herself so bored with idleness that her days became intolerable. She tried manual creative work, such as reupholstering her furniture, but that wasn't the answer. The restlessness still continued. Then, she confesses shyly, "I was driven to my knees; I had to

have the answer to this gnawing emptiness."

It seemed completely out of line when the answer as to her mission came to her. She knew, however, without consciously knowing, that her work lay with the foreign students coming into the schools and colleges of Utah. But what should she do, and how could she help them? She had been a book-keeper before her marriage, and writing was a far cry from that! But to use her own words:

"I interviewed my first visiting student, wrote up the results of our talk, and presented it to the editor of a local paper. It was accepted readily, and I continued on from there." That was practically three years ago, but her interviews are still appearing in this same paper.

However, Caroline didn't stop with interviews; she went all the way to friendship with these strangers. Her home was open to them at all times, and her table more often than not, has been graced by a turbaned gentleman or a lady in a sari.

"Then, too, we have so much fun cooking their dishes," she explained. "I've learned so many ways of preparing delicious, inexpensive things to eat. And I've learned how to use spices. Do you know that food is a medium of international understanding? When we become interested in the foods of other nations, then we will understand their people."

One thing that particularly impressed Mrs. Midgley was the eagerness of



these people to learn. For instance, there is the incident of the Hindu man and his wife. Although they had a large, independent allowance, they yet went to work in a bakery, without pay, in order to be able to teach their people how to produce delicious baked goods! And there was the son of a minister of the Pakistan government who learned the trade of carpentering for the same reason. This unselfishness, this giving of time and energy to an idealistic cause, is what especially intrigued Caroline. It was never just for self that they were learning, but to be able to share it with their less fortunate countrymen.

Into Caroline's unassuming home these racial representatives come in their native costumes (they prefer keeping their nationality distinguished from ours)—Hindus, Mohammedans, Turks, Egyptians—and they find a sympathetic understanding, which encourages them to speak of themselves frankly and sincerely.

She assures us that to meet any one of them is a rich experience, and that we, as Americans, must make a conscientious effort to understand their ways of life and accept them. Caroline believes that we should realize that they, as we, have an age-old heritage of moral and spiritual wisdom, and that we should make just as great an effort to understand them, as we expect them to make to understand us!

Friends say to her, "But what will your neighbors think of colored people coming to your house all the time?"

Her answer is that most of these dark-skinned people have their origin in the first Caucasian race known to mankind. Climatic conditions, too, are responsible for the coloring of the skin. As one goes deeply into racial study, one's tendency to discriminate weakens. This attitude of international mindedness puts Caroline on the defensive at times, but she champions her *foreign* friends without hesitation.

I asked her about their reaction to America, especially to our kind of Christianity. This was a leading question that could bring one of several answers, but I was not surprised when she told me that they were *Christians*, even though they may worship multi-

ple gods. She explained that they live Christian lives, if by this we mean the universal concept of truth. And all of these people have told her that *we* lack spiritual uplift!

Caroline believes that we have spiritual methods to learn from these races. We preach a good Sunday sermon but forget all about it on Monday, whereas these foreign people have an evolved spirituality to share with us if we will only realize it by paying attention. We read their 'bibles' just as we do our own, without trying to understand the real, underlying meaning, and then say, 'heathen!' What they need is not our spirituality, but our know-how in objective expression; and when these two qualities meet and intermingle, mankind in general will be better off—much better off!

As a characteristic revealment, Mrs. Midgley related that when one of the women was to take a test, she sent a telegram to her people in India, and she could not rest until the answer came. She had asked that they pray for her success, and the telegram was her assurance that they were fasting and praying during the time she was taking the tests. She sailed through her examination, fortified and aided by their mental help. This is an example of working as a unit, spiritually and mentally, for a greater achievement.

Quietly, Caroline inquired of me, "Does that sound as if they are heathens? I have known them to fast and pray for each other many times when they felt such help was an essential."

This understanding woman is convinced that these visiting students, who come here to learn our ways, have much more as an exchange than their recipes and use of brilliant costume colors. We can learn the gentleness of the women, not a spinelessness, but a strength of dignity and character. We can learn that the creation of beauty can be wrought with a pan of dough or a carpenter's tools just as lovingly and as flawlessly as with a brush and palette. And most of all, we can learn that the God we worship is the same—the Universal Spirit known and worshiped by the lowest pagan or idol-worshiper as by the most devout Christian—the name He is known by being the only difference.

"They've helped me much more than I have helped them," is Mrs. Midgley's intercession. "Even if I hadn't been rewarded by their friendship, just the contact with them, with their culture and their spiritual background, would have been more than worth while. But I have also been awakened to their rich philosophy, and to the fact that other religions can be and are as true, basically, as our Christian faith!"

Caroline's interest now has no limitations. She has developed a sincere

and intense curiosity in religions, and is studying Hindu philosophy, Buddhism, and the Moslem way of worship—anything that will aid her in the understanding of other peoples.

"Caroline," I said as I left her warm hospitality, "I came to look at your gorgeous collection of fans, but who wants to spend an afternoon looking at static loveliness when he is permitted to see the living beauty of a courageous, sympathetic understanding of the 'stranger within thy gates'?"

Harmonized Living

By FRANK R. GOODMAN

Address delivered at the Sydney Chapter of AMORC, New South Wales, Australia, on November 6, 1948, by Frater Goodman, Master.



THE WORD *harmony* brings a thought of some musical composition of graceful tones which is pleasurable to most of us. To achieve that harmony, the composer must *balance* the musical notes which make up his composition. Sometimes it is necessary to use a note, or chord, which by itself seems discordant but when combined with other notes or chords finds a harmonious place in the complete masterpiece.

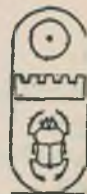
When we feel "out of tune" with things, perhaps as the result of a trying day in the noise and bustle of trading and manufacturing, how soothing it is to be able to relax in a comfortable chair and listen to some favorite piece of music quietly played. It brings one back to a balanced condition and restores harmony to both one's material and psychic self.

For special occasions specific styles of music have been written to bring an attunement with the particular ceremony or function. To hear the strains of the wedding music from Wagner's *Lohengrin* at once causes us to imagine a bride, clad in beautiful bridal array, making her way gracefully to the altar where she will take her vows before the

God of her Heart. On the other hand, Chopin's grand *Funeral March* brings a vision of the last journey of a soul that has passed through transition to the Grandest Initiation of all. In other words, the musical vibrations awaken certain cells in our brains, placing us in attunement with those events. These mental pictures cannot, of course, come to us unless at some time we have actually seen such a ceremony.

To some people, jive, boogie woogie, and similar compositions are discordant. Such persons are of a more balanced nature and therefore more appreciative of the smoother flowing type of music. It must not, however, be overlooked that jive and other "hot" music has its place in the general plan. The world has only recently passed through a five years' war when man's lowest passions were unleashed. Swing and jive were in harmony with the then existing conditions of the world and afforded some outlet for those affected by the stress of war.

It will be noted that this type of music is gradually being modified and becoming less strident as world conditions are slowly but surely reaching a less turbulent state. In other words, a particular type of rhythm—another term for *vibration*—has been created to help bring balance back to the world.



A pendulum after being wildly agitated is extremely erratic in its swing for a while but gradually it settles down to its proper even rhythm. The war-agitated world is now reaching a quieter and more steady rhythm, and the "popular" type of music is becoming toned down accordingly.

Everything has its place in the plan of the Creator-of-All-Things. Even though a person, sound, or color may be inharmonious to some particular individual, it will be found to be in attunement with other persons, thus bringing to them a needed balance. The various instruments of a symphony orchestra can produce nothing but discord until coordinated under the baton of the conductor. . . . It must be remembered, however, that to achieve the true harmony each instrument must be properly tuned so that its note (or vibration) does not clash with the other instruments in the orchestra.

Symbolically, then, we also must be in proper attunement and have the necessary balance, or harmony, within us. We are instructed how to do this, but it is essential that we practice the exercises regularly, in order to maintain that psychic and physical harmonium just as a violinist, or any other instrumentalist, must continually practice so that he may retain his place in the orchestra.

The Neophyte in mystical teachings may be likened to one who is a beginner at the piano and being introduced to the scales to give him a grounding for future musical development. As he

passes on to other degrees, it is like progressing from the scales to easy pieces and gradually to the compositions of the master musicians, but no matter how good a musician he may eventually become he must always keep practicing the scales he learned during his early studies.

Vibrations play a very vital part in our lives. We see by vibrations of light; we hear by vibrations of sound; in fact, all of the five senses operate through vibrations. We could not *feel* if our nerves did not vibrate to the vibration of the thing touched. It is by varying rates of vibration that we are able to distinguish between glass and wood, metal and brick, and so on.

As to our seeing, the different colors are made manifest to our eyes through the particular vibrations set up in the sight nerves and transmitted to the appropriate brain cells. According to our physical condition, we are receptive to specific color vibrations, and there are times when some color seems harsh and upsetting.

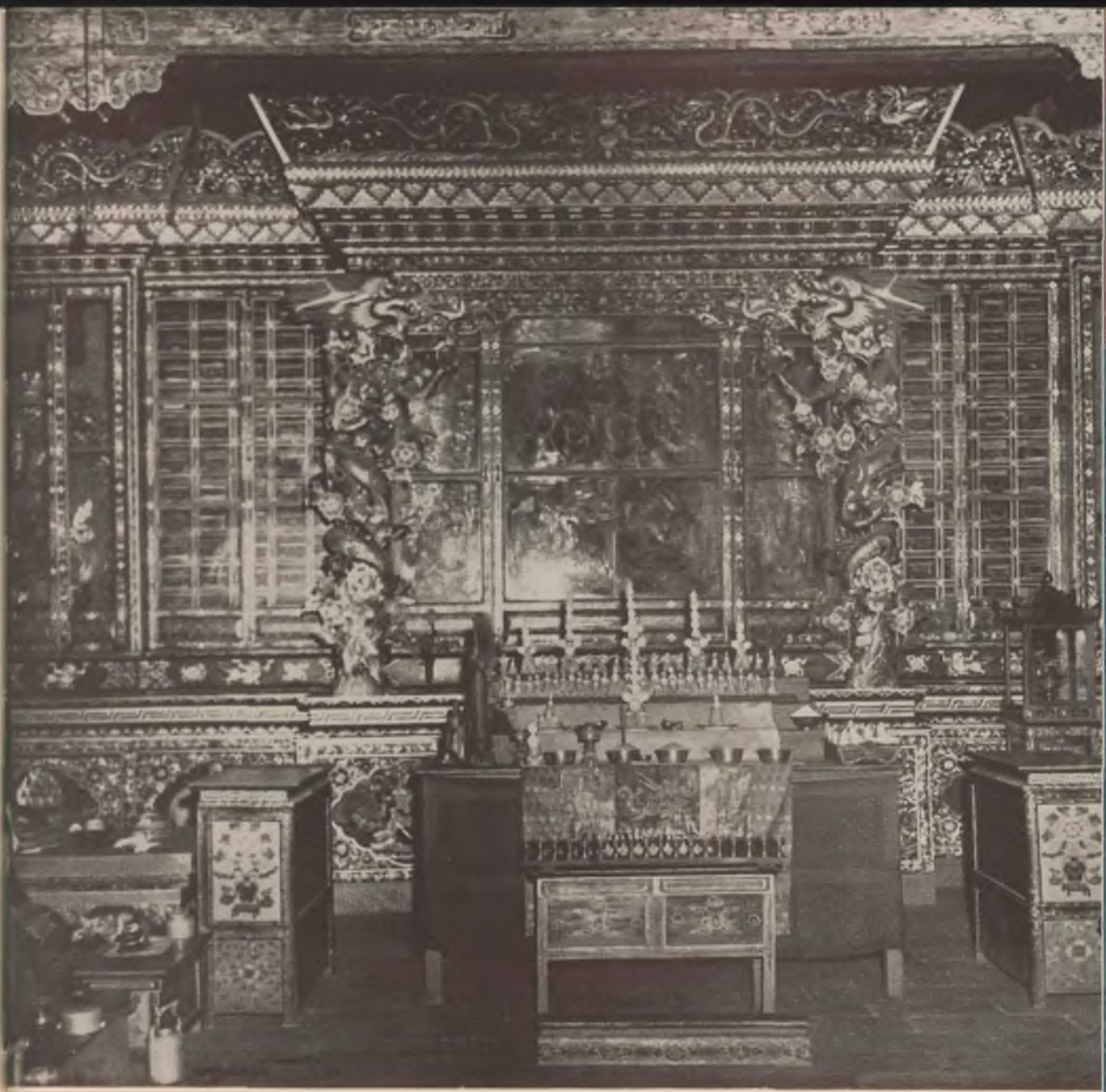
It is most important that we endeavor to attain a complete harmony within us. In this way we become attuned to the Cosmic Consciousness and through it to our fellow men and thereby we radiate goodwill wherever we are. Thus the much-to-be-desired vibrations of peace will eventually encircle the world, just as a pebble thrown into the middle of a pool will cause a ripple which in time will reach to the very edge of the pool no matter how wide it may be.

WE THANK YOU

Many messages have been received acknowledging the spiritual uplift which the October *Rosicrucian Digest* has imparted. This was a special issue featuring, in words and photographs, the new supreme temple.

Since it is impossible to give these letters each an individual reply, we are using this space to announce that to know your feelings has proved highly inspirational to us. We have especially observed that those who have visited the temple in person are even more warmly enthusiastic than those who still have the pleasure of personal contact awaiting them.

May all of you come often in thought or in person for meditation to this temple, symbolizing human effort toward the attainment of life's highest ideals.



INSIDE A LAMASERY

The high altar of a lamasery temple in Sikkim on the old Tibetan frontier. The ornamentation is magnificent gold filigree inlaid with colored glass. In the center on the altar may be seen the religious accoutrements, brass bowls containing holy water, incense burners, and sacred bells. At the lower left may be seen two of the several lamas seated on low benches. They were chanting in the Tibetan dialect.

Access to the interior of these temples for photographic purposes is a privilege rarely accorded to those of the Western world.

(Photo by AMORC Camera Expedition)

HAVE YOU A QUESTION... or a Problem?



I CAN answer questions that may definitely affect your life for the better—or perhaps solve a personal problem. No, I am not an oracle or a sage. I am the Rosicrucian Forum Archivist. I have access to thousands of experiences of men and women throughout the world. The things you want to know parallel the information contained in these timeless, fascinating disclosures below. Look at the numerous subjects listed. You may have any Forum issue—ANY UNIT OF FOUR MAJOR ARTICLES—for the small sum of 35¢, postpaid. If, however, you order three units, the total cost for the three will be only \$1.00, postpaid. Order by the unit number. (For Members Only.)

<p>"Where Are Yesterday's Great Souls?" "Does Darkness Increase Psychic Powers?" "Duty or Right, Which?" "Is Individualism Dangerous?" and 8 other interesting and instructive articles.</p> <p>Unit 1.</p>	<p>"Are Mystical Exercises Dangerous?" "Spirit and Gravity" "Awakening Our Talents" "Influence of Color" and 12 other interesting and instructive articles.</p> <p>Unit 2.</p>	<p>"Does Blood Transfusion Alter Personality?" "Fasting and Spirituality" "Glands and Criminals" "Is Education Progressing?" and 12 other interesting and instructive articles.</p> <p>Unit 3.</p>
<p>"Secret Instruction from Tibet" "The Oxford Group" "Mystical Light by a Scientist" "Child Prodigies" and 22 other interesting and instructive articles.</p> <p>Unit 4.</p>	<p>"Is AMORC a Religion?" "The Mystery of the Divining Rod" "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" "Nous—The Primary Substance" and 7 other interesting and instructive articles.</p> <p>Unit 5.</p>	<p>"Autocratic Rule of AMORC" "Twin Souls" "The New Psychology in Rosicrucianism" "Aiding World Leaders" and 7 other interesting and instructive articles.</p> <p>Unit 6.</p>
<p>"Dispelling Undesired Influences" "Family Clannishness" "Evil Souls?" "Mental Telepathy" and 12 other interesting and instructive articles.</p> <p>Unit 7.</p>	<p>"Europe and Its Mystical Organizations" "The Matter of Diet" "Is This Faith Healing?" "The Mysteries of Tahiti" and 21 other interesting and instructive articles.</p> <p>Unit 8.</p>	<p>"The Third Eye" "Cosmic Transference of Thought" "The Power of Truth" "Fortune-Telling" and 10 other interesting and instructive articles.</p> <p>Unit 9.</p>

The ROSICRUCIAN SUPPLY BUREAU
ROSICRUCIAN PARK, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.



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THE PURPOSE OF THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

The Rosicrucian Order, existing in all civilized lands, is a nonsectarian fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study, and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable all to live in harmony with the creative, constructive Cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness, and peace. The Order is internationally known as "AMORC" (an abbreviation), and the AMORC in America and all other lands constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body for a representation in the international federation. The AMORC does not sell its teachings. It gives them freely to affiliated members together with many other benefits. For complete information about the benefits and advantages of Rosicrucian association write a letter to the address below, and ask for the free book *The Mastery of Life*. Address Scribe S. P. C., in care of

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Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, U. S. A.

(Cable Address: "AMORCO")

Supreme Executive for the Jurisdiction of North, Central, and South America, Australasia, and Africa
Ralph M. Lewis, F.R.C.—Imperator

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Abdiel Lodge, 2455 Atlantic Ave. Loren G. Rubeck, Master; Lorena Christopher, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 8 p. m.

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Hermes Lodge, 148 N. Gramercy Place, Tel. Gladstone 1230. Robert B. T. Brown, Master; Myrtle Newman, Sec. Library open 2-5 p. m.; 7-10 p. m. Review classes Mon. through Fri. Sessions every Sun., 3 p. m.

Oakland:
Oakland Lodge, Office and Library—610 16th St., Tel. Higate 4-5996. G. W. Mapes, Master; Virginia O'Connell, Sec. Library open Mon., Wed., Fri. afternoons; Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri. evenings. Sessions 1st and 3rd Wed., 8 p. m. at Sciots Hall, 5117 E. 14th St.

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Akhmaton Chapter, Altadena Masonic Temple, Aubrey G. Wooderman, Master, 1523 Encino Ave., Monrovia, Tel. DO. 7-2311; Eloise Anderson, Sec. Sessions 2nd and 4th Tues., 8 p. m.

Sacramento:
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San Diego Chapter, House of Hospitality, Balboa Park, Charles M. Lindsey, Master, 4246 Jewell; Florence Christensen, Sec. Sessions 1st, 2nd, and 4th Thurs., 8 p. m.

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Francis Bacon Lodge, 1957 Chestnut St., Tel. WE-1-4778. J. O. Kinzie, Master; Lois F. Hathcock, Sec. Sessions for all members every Mon., 8 p. m.; for review classes phone secretary.

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FLORIDA

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Miami Chapter, Biscayne Temple, 120 N. W. 15th Ave. Mrs. E. H. Smith, Master; Florence McCullough, Sec., 2015 S. W. 23rd Ave. Sessions every Sun., 8 p. m.

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Nefertiti Lodge, 2539 N. Kedzie Ave., Tel. Everglade 4-8627. Myrtle Lovell, Master; Mrs. L. E. Mantor, Sec. Library open daily, 1-5 p. m. and 7:30-10 p. m.; Sun., 2-5:30 p. m. only. Sessions every Tues. and Thurs., 8 p. m.

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Indianapolis Chapter, 311 Ober Bldg., 38 N. Pennsylvania St. Berl Kingan, Master; Ida E. Dora, Sec., 236 Cecil Ave. Sessions every Tues., 8:15 p. m.

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Lansing:
Leonardo da Vinci Chapter, 603 S. Washington. Clair C. Willsey, Master; Bertha Harmon, Sec. Sessions 2nd and 4th Mon., 8 p. m.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis:
Essene Chapter, Spanish Room, Radisson Hotel, 45 S. 7th St. Mrs. Robert W. Steenberg, Master; Della Coose, Sec., 2016 Emerson Ave., S. Sessions 2nd and 4th Sun., 3 p. m.

MISSOURI

St. Louis:
Thutmose Lodge, George Washington Hotel, 600 N. Kingshighway Blvd. M. Kassell, Master; Earl Tidrow, Jr., Sec., 7918 Kingsbury Blvd., Clayton, Mo. Sessions every Tues., 8 p. m.

NEW JERSEY

Newark:
H. Spencer Lewis Chapter, 443-5 Broad St. John D. McCarthy, Master; Johanna Buhbe, Sec., 30 Montgomery St., Bloomfield, N. J. Sessions every Tues., 8:30 p. m.

NEW YORK

Buffalo:
Rama Chapter, 225 Delaware Ave., Room 9. Dr. C. G. Steinhauser, Master; Carolyn A. Wood, Sec., 23 Terrace. Sessions every Wed., 7:30 p. m.

New York City:
New York City Lodge, 250 W. 57th St. William Stillwagon, Jr., Master; Edith M. da Rocha, Sec. Sessions Wed., 8:15 p. m. and Sun. 3:00 p. m. Library open week days and Sun., 1-8 p. m.
Booker T. Washington Chapter, 69 W. 125th St., Room 63. David Waldron, Master; Clarence M. Caltender, Sec. Sessions every Sun., 8 p. m.

(Directory Continued on Next Page)

Rochester:
Rochester Chapter, Hotel Seneca. Dorothy M. Decker, Master; William Rabjohns, Sec. Sessions 1st Wed., 3rd Sun., 8 p. m.

OHIO

Cincinnati:
Cincinnati Chapter, 204 Hazen Bldg., 9th and Main St. Gustav F. P. Thumann, Master; Bertha Abbott, Sec. Sessions every Wed. and Fri., 7:30 p. m.

Dayton:
Elbert Hubbard Chapter, 56 East 4th St. Mary C. High, Master; Mary Turner, Sec., 436 Holt St. Sessions every Wed., 8 p. m.

Toledo:
Michael Faraday Chapter, Roi Davis Bldg., 3rd Fl., 905 Jefferson Ave. Dorothy Van Doren, Master; Hazel Schramm, Sec., 1514 Freeman St. Sessions every Thurs., 8:30 p. m.

OREGON

Portland:
Portland Rose Lodge, 2712 S. E. Salmon. Floyd K. Riley, Master; Walter G. Allen, Sec. Sessions every Wed., 8 p. m. and Sun., 7 p. m.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia:
Benjamin Franklin Lodge, 1303 Girard Ave. Dr. S. Milton Zimmerman, Master; Fred A. Thomas, Sec., 2706 W. Allegheny Ave. Sessions every Sun., 7:30 p. m. Temple and library open Tues., Thurs., 7-10 p. m.

Pittsburgh:
The First Pennsylvania Lodge, 615 W. Diamond St., North Side. David Stein, Master; Lydia F. Wilkes, Sec. Sessions Wed and Sun., 8 p. m.

Principal Canadian Branches and Foreign Jurisdictions

The addresses of other foreign Grand Lodges, or the names and addresses of their representatives, will be given upon request.

AUSTRALIA

Sydney, N. S. W.:
Sydney Chapter, I.O.O.F. Bldg., 100 Clarence St. F. R. Goodman, Master, 2 "Girvan" 129 Kurraba Rd., Neutral Bay; Victor Bell, Sec., 60 Dennison St., Bondi Junction. Sessions 1st, 3rd and 5th Saturday afternoons.

Melbourne, Victoria:
Melbourne Chapter, 25 Russell St. Kathleen Dodds, Master; Fred Whiteway, Sec., 37 Black St., Middle Brighton S. 5.

BRAZIL

Sao Paulo:
Sao Paulo Chapter, Rua Tabatinguera 165. Sylvio E. Polati, Master; George Craig Smith, Sec., Caixa Postal 4633. Sessions 2nd and 4th Sat., 8:30 p. m.

CANADA

Montreal, P. Q.:
Mount Royal Chapter, The Lodge Room, Victoria Hall, Westmount. Mrs. A. Englehard, Master; Jean Pierre Trickey, Sec., 444 Sherbrooke St., E. Sessions 1st and 3rd Thurs., 8 p. m.

Toronto, Ontario:
Toronto Chapter, Sons of England Hall, 58 Richmond St., East. Oron C. Dakin, Master; Edith Hearn, Sec., 300 Keele St. Sessions every Mon., 8:15 p. m.

Vancouver, B. C.:
Vancouver Lodge, 878 Hornby St. Dorothy L. Bolsover, Master. Tatlow 2003; Lettice C. Fleet, Sec., 1142 Harwood St., MA-3208. Sessions every Mon. through Fri. Lodge open 7:30 p. m.

Victoria, B. C.:
Victoria Lodge, 725 Courtney St. Miss E. M. Burrows, Master; Dorothy G. Johnston, Sec., 821 Burdett Ave.

Windsor, Ont.:
Windsor Chapter, 808 Marion Ave. Mrs. Stella Kucy, Master; George H. Brook, Sec., 2089 Argyle Ct. Sessions every Wed., 8:15 p. m.

Winnipeg, Man.:
Charles Dana Dean Chapter, I.O.O.F. Temple, 293 Kennedy St. A. G. Wirdnam, Master; S. Ethelyn Wallace, Sec., 851 Westminster Ave. Sessions 1st and 3rd Thurs., 7:45 p. m.

DENMARK AND NORWAY

Copenhagen:
The AMORC Grand Lodge of Denmark and Norway. Arthur Sundstrup, Gr. Master; Kaj Falck-Rasmussen, Gr. Sec., A. F. Beyersvej 15 A, Copenhagen F., Denmark.

EGYPT

Cairo:
Amenhotep Grand Lodge. Salim C. Saad, Grand Master, 1 Kasr-El-Nil St.

*(Initiations are performed.)

TEXAS

El Paso:
El Amarna Chapter, 519 N. Santa Fe. Ernest G. Bourjaily, Master, 523 N. Campbell St.; Mrs. Rosa M. Licon, Sec. Sessions 1st and 3rd Sun., 2 p. m.

Fort Worth:
Fort Worth Chapter, 512 4th St. Marjorie P. Doty, Master; Robert L. Proctor, Sec. Sessions every Fri., 8 p. m.

Houston:
Houston Chapter, 1320 Rusk Ave. Robert E. Martin, Master; Alyce M. La Rue, Sec., 3105 Chenevert. Sessions every Fri., 7:30 p. m.

UTAH

Salt Lake City:
Salt Lake City Chapter, 211 Hopper Bldg., 23 E. 1st South. Clarence R. Parry, Master; Clara J. Parker, Sec., 243 S. 7th East. Sessions every Thurs., 8:15 p. m.

WASHINGTON

Seattle:
Michael Maler Lodge, Wintonia Hotel, 1431 Minor. Maurice V. Boldrin, Master, Tel. De. 5324; Ethel Jefferson, Sec., Tel. Ra. 5059. Sessions every Fri., 8 p. m. Library open Tues., Thurs., 1-4 p. m.; Mon., Wed., 7-9 p. m.; Sat., 1-3 p. m.

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee:
Karnak Chapter, Republican Hotel, 907 N. 3rd St. George W. Wood, Master, 3934 N. 2nd St.; Bessie F. Smith, Sec. Sessions every Mon., 8:15 p. m.

ENGLAND

The AMORC Grand Lodge of Great Britain. Raymond Andrea, F.R.C., Gr. Master, 34 Bayswater Ave., Westbury Park, Bristol 6.

London:

London Chapter. Richard Lake, Master, 38 Cranbrook Rise, Ilford, Essex; Lawrence Ewels, Sec., 26 Datchet Rd., Catford, London, S.E. 6.

FRANCE

Mille, Jeanne Guesdon, Sec., 56 Rue Gambetta. Villeneuve Sainte Georges (Seine & Oise).

HOLLAND

Amsterdam:
De Rozekruisers Orde, Groot-Loge der Nederlanden. J. Coops, Gr. Master, Hunzestraat 141.

ITALY

Rome:
Italian Grand Lodge of AMORC. Orlando Timpanaro Perrotta, Sec., c/o Mrs. De Gorga, Via G. Baglivi, 5-D. 1, Quartiere Italia.

MEXICO

Mexico, D. F.:
Quetzalcoatl Lodge, Calle de Colombia 24. Sr. Ruperto Betancourt, Master; Sr. Benito de Koster, Sec., Eureka No. 15, Col. Industrial.

INDONESIA

Semarang, Java:
Mrs. M. C. Zeydel, Gr. Master-General, Djangli 47.

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland:
Auckland Chapter, Victoria Arcade, Room 317. Mrs. E. M. Wood, Master, 2nd Fl., Giffords Bldg., Vulcan Lane, C 1; John O. Andersen, Sec. Sessions every Mon., 8 p. m.

PUERTO RICO

San Juan:
San Juan Chapter, 1655 Progreso St., Stop 23. Santurce. J. L. Casanova, Master; Jesus Rodriguez, Sec. Sessions every Sat., 8 p. m.

SWEDEN

Malmö:
Grand Lodge "Rosenkorset." Albin Roimer, Gr. Master, Box 30, Skalderviken, Sweden.

SWITZERLAND

Lausanne:
AMORC Grand Lodge, 21 Ave. Dapples. Dr. Ed. Bertholet, F.R.C., Gr. Master, 11 Ave. General Guisan.

VENEZUELA

Caracas:
Alden Chapter, Velázquez a Miseria, 19. Sra. F. Briceno de Perez, Master; Sra. Carmen S. Salazar, Sec., Calle Cuarta 2, Bellavista. Sessions 1st and 3rd Fri., 6 p. m.

Latin-American Division

Armando Font De La Jara, F.R.C., Deputy Grand Master

Direct inquiries regarding this division to the Latin-American Division, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, U.S.A.

JUNIOR ORDER OF TORCH BEARERS

A children's organization sponsored by the AMORC. For complete information as to its aims and benefits, address Secretary General, Junior Order, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California.

The Mystery of Numbers

Add any two numbers on the left; the sum is always an even number. Multiply any two even numbers; the result, again, is an even number. Axiom: even numbers always add or multiply to even numbers.

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